

MARCH 1952

Nation's BUSINESS

A GENERAL MAGAZINE FOR BUSINESSMEN



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NATION'S BUSINESS for March, 1952



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IN an economy such as we have now, a tight cash position is not necessarily a reflection on the "health" of a company. On the contrary, many of America's biggest and many of America's fastest growing concerns have found, now find or will find themselves in this position.

Many companies are "current asset" **PROSPEROUS** but "ready cash" **POOR** because it's the composition of working capital rather than its size that counts. And with higher tax payments to make on 1951 earnings . . . and with 70% of these taxes to pay before June 30 . . . such companies are going to suffer a still further drain on operating cash.

Delaying action to correct a reducing cash position can be just as disastrous to a business as ignoring warning signals of failing health can be to an individual.

We know. For while **COMMERCIAL CREDIT** was able to solve the working capital problem last year for hundreds of manufacturers and wholesalers who came to us in time, there were other companies that were beyond our help. They had delayed too long, fought a losing battle in trying to operate and compete under the terrific handicap of a short cash position.

Obviously, **COMMERCIAL CREDIT** cannot predict the future, but that the money market may tighten as the need for more commercial borrowing grows is more than a possibility. For nearly 40 years the business of **COMMERCIAL CREDIT** has been money. We're **SPECIALISTS** in this field. Our advice to the executive whose business is likely to face a cash problem any time in '52 is to give the subject high priority. Start now to investigate ways you can meet the problem.

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GEORGE SOLOVEYITCHIK is a British journalist and lecturer who is a frequent visitor to the U.S.A. He says that he normally divides his time between talking about America to Europeans, and about Europe to Americans. Occasionally, he also talks to Americans about America. He has just completed two long speaking tours which have taken him from one end of the U.S.A. to the other.

He was born in 1902 in St. Petersburg, the son, grandson and great grandson of leading Russian bankers. In 1918, one year after the Bolshevik Revolution, he escaped to England and entered Queens College, Oxford, at the age of 17, graduated with honors in 1922.

A resident of England for more than 30 years and a British subject by naturalization, Soloveyitchik has been both a businessman and journalist. An official lecturer to H. M. Forces—Army, Navy and RAF—and a broadcaster during the war, he is now free-lancing.

WHEN a new store goes up on Main Street the rest of the business community usually wants to know what the new place will be like, what it will handle—and, especially, what it will mean in terms of competition. The same thing is true when a remodeled nation such as Japan sets up shop and goes after world markets. Businessmen everywhere are wondering what wares her salesmen will be peddling and where the competition will hit. That's why we asked **GILBERT CANT** to write an article on Japanese trade revival.

Cant has been a foreign correspondent and writer on international affairs for more than 15 years. The attack on Pearl Harbor and a previous interest in matters naval led him to concentrate on the war against Japan. While he was war editor of the *New York Post*, Cant spent several months in the Pacific as a correspondent and wrote "America's Navy in World War II." Later, as a writer for *Time* magazine (which he still is),

Cant saw more of the war and wrote "The Great Pacific Victory." Since VJ-Day, he has made three visits to the western Pacific, paying special attention to the problems in the occupied countries.

THE space ships and other futuristic illustrations for "Out of this World," the science fiction article by Stanley Frank, are by **JACK B. COGGINS**, who has been interested in pictures of ships, planes and soldiers all his life. This probably explains why he painted mostly seascapes until the last war, and air battle pictures after the shooting began.

In addition to painting for magazines, Coggins is the illustrator of three books: the first two are on ships and his latest, published last year, covers jets, guided missiles, rockets and space ships.

WHEN we asked **FRANK X. TOLBERT** to write us an article about the Liberty Network, we had no idea



DALLAS MORNING NEWS

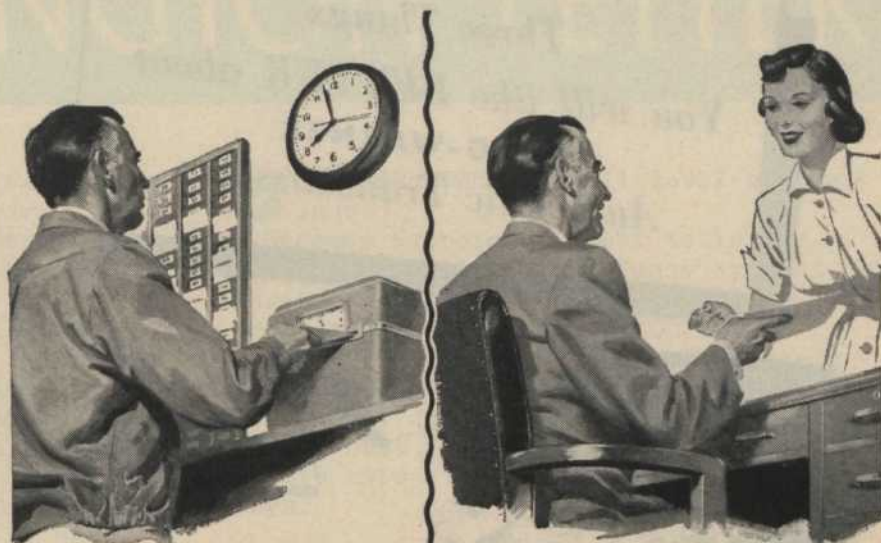
that he was a public official. As far as we knew he was a columnist on the *Dallas Morning News*, and had been since the end of the war.

We were wrong though, as the picture indicates. "It was made after I was elected public weigher of downtown Dallas in 1950," Tolbert told us. "This is a legitimate, though useless, office. In the old days when farmers hauled cotton to Dallas it was a well paid job. I'd written a story about Bob Poole, Texas' leading authority on chili, who was made downtown public weigher in 1948. Then to my surprise, I beat Poole as a write-in candidate."

BILL GULICK was born in Kansas City some 36 years ago, raised in Kansas, schooled at the University of Oklahoma, drifted out to Tacoma, Wash., at the end of the war, married there. After working at various jobs he discovered that publishers sometimes paid real money for stories. So under the delusion that writing was the easiest of all possible ways to make a living he started scribbling.

"As to my tetrahedron story," Gulick says, "well, several of our friends are with the Army Engineers and one night we heard them talking about a unique river closure problem connected with the building of McNary Dam on the Columbia not far from Walla Walla, Wash., [where he now lives]."

They're both "Self-Made" men!



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YOU may not have thought of it in quite this way, but the *failure* is as truly "Self-Made" as the successful man. He, alone, is responsible for his modest salary, monotonous work and dismal future.

Business rewards men in proportion to their contributions. It pays highly for skill, determined effort and knowledge; it holds little for those who *lack the ambition to grasp* what it offers.

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That simple fact explains why so many promising men never reach the heights attained by those whose native ability may be less but who *plan and work to forge ahead*.

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First thing we knew we were knee-deep in technical reports, explanations, inspection trips to the dam, etc., and having gotten in that deep, a story was a natural result. The thing that intrigued me was where did the original idea of using tetrahedrons come from in the first place?

"This is where fact ended and fiction began.

"Right here and now I hasten to say that my story is only a story—so, please, engineers, do not shoot me on sight."

THIS month's cover painting, by **JOHN ATHERTON**, shows the traditional method of collecting the running sap of the sugar maple, one of the first steps in making maple sugar and syrup. It was a relatively easy assignment for Atherton because he happens to live in Vermont—one of the few states which is noted for this industry.



Incidentally, Atherton reports that he has built a very modern house in the midst of the Vermont "traditional" scene. And practically at his doorstep is a good trout stream, where he spends much of his time. "The combination is very happy both for work and recreation," he says.

On that we're in complete agreement.

THE attractive photographs used to illustrate the Stanley Frank article in our January issue, "Sure-Seaters Discover an Audience," were taken at The Playhouse. Located in a converted Washington, D. C., bank building, this popular movie spot opened its doors



in 1948 and since then has played the Academy Award winning picture of each year. Well appointed, its conversion cost \$250,000.

NATION'S BUSINESS for March, 1952

MANAGEMENT'S WASHINGTON LETTER

✓ **DON'T EXPECT MUCH**—except talk—from Congress this political year.

Legislators' attention centers on districts back home, on getting there shortly after July 1.

Most talk, least action, will come from the many investigations.

There will be action on these:

Appropriations—cut six to eight billions below President's budget figure of \$85,410,000,000.

Foreign aid—proposed at \$10,500,000,000 (including \$7,900,000,000 of new money) will bear a third of appropriations cut.

Defense Production Act—will be extended—but there's strong chance of including mandatory decontrol of many items selling below ceilings. Purpose: To eliminate red tape entangling retailers, other distributors.

New GI Rights bill—will extend most World War II vet benefits to Korea vets. Same or parallel bill will check some abuses in educational programs.

There will be much talk, little or no action on these—

Universal military training, FEPC, reduction in tax on bank earnings, single agency transportation authority, St. Lawrence seaway, increase in old-age and survivors' benefits, federal participation in state unemployment compensation programs.

✓ **HERE'S HOW YOU** can argue strong inflationary pressure on business will build up in last half of this year—

Government will collect 70 per cent of corporate income taxes during first six months—withdrawing more than it pays into the economy. That's deflationary.

During final six months of '52 Government's tax take will diminish sharply—while expenditures rise. Result: Cash deficit (for that six months' period) of \$10,000,000,000. This is inflationary.

But before you count on inflation, here's a point to keep in mind:

That six months' period of big cash deficit will be sandwiched between half-year periods of cash surplus, or small deficit.

Viewed on an 18 months' basis the inflation balloon looks more like a bubble.

✓ **DEFENSE SPENDING** will level out next June.

Defense Secretary Lovett tells congressmen fiscal '52's defense expenditures will total \$51,000,000,000—a monthly average of \$4,250,000,000.

Monthly average now is approximately \$3,500,000,000, will rise to \$4,000,000,000 by June.

Thus next fiscal year's defense expenditure rate will be reached in next 90 days.

✓ **IT'S ONLY MARCH**, but—

Base-broadened U. S. is producing more than it needs of petroleum products, some chemicals such as industrial alcohol and caustic soda, synthetic fibers; rubber.

Steel appears headed for oversupply within a few months.

Electric energy's reserve is 12 per cent over peak load, soon will be 14.

Is this the pattern? California's tuna sales have doubled in past five years. But catch capacity has tripled—and overexpanded fishermen want tariff walls built.

And copper producers are buying advertising space to assure their customers there's no need to consider long range substitution for it.

✓ **CIVILIAN STOCKPILES** build up, along with strategic stockpiling.

Civilian stockpiles are in business inventories—which rose \$10,000,000,000 last year to \$69,400,000,000, a new high.

What happens when stockpiles get that high? Here's one thing that is happening:

Manufacturer who distributes products throughout the world took a look at materials situation year ago, moved from a 30-day supply basis to 120 days.

Last month he looked again, saw plenty instead of shortage, moved back to 30-day basis. And the purchasing office says: Call again in 90 days.

So materials pile up, sales volume drops off among his suppliers.

For a look at what can happen when inventories reach a peak, glance at rubber prices—

Before Korea, Singapore rubber brought 18 cents a pound. Then world-wide stockpiling rush began. Price hit 70 cents.

U. S. reactivated synthetic plants,

MANAGEMENT'S WASHINGTON LETTER

buying pressure eased as stockpiles neared goals. By last month price was down to 43 cents. And rubber manufacturers expect to see it hit 30 cents this year.

Most of \$10,000,000,000 inventory rise was on manufacturers' level.

Which means part of it is in materials that will be used in defense, defense-supporting products.

Note: Inventory rise adds buoyancy to business—more jobs, greater production to meet current needs, add to stocks.

When inventories level out effect is opposite—even if current needs remain the same.

✓ **HERE'S ONE REASON** retail sales fail to follow upward swing of personal income.

It also shows how Administration's inflation, tax policies destroy "gains" with which it is seeking labor's support.

Federal tax on average factory worker with three dependents reached World War II peak in January, 1945. Then he worked two hours, 14 minutes a week to pay the Government's bill.

By 1950 same employe put in only one hour, 22 minutes to do the same thing.

In 1951 he worked two hours, 25 minutes to pay his federal taxes.

Now let's look at the situation in dollars—

Total earnings of the same employe were \$44.39 in '45; \$59.33 in '50, and \$64.90 in '51.

Same comparison in terms of take-home pay (earnings after taxes) is \$42.74, \$57.21, and \$61.47.

Now translate these figures into 1939 dollars—allowing for higher prices, higher taxes—and the comparison runs \$33.04, \$33.08 and \$32.90.

On this scale average factory workers' market strength has dropped off slightly since Korea.

✓ **SUBSTITUTES ADD TO U. S. materials** supplies, soften expected pinches.

Copper's short, but one user (General Electric) cut its copper consumption by 10,000,000 pounds in past year by using aluminum, other metals—and plans further cuts.

Army buys shoes in millions of pairs,

but hide prices fall as synthetics go on soles.

Korean war sent world wool prices to new highs, but manufactured fibers moved in, averted shortage, cut prices.

Plastics go into tubing, pipelines, other forms to replace short or expensive metals.

Note trend set up by substitutes—they move in, in some cases turn shortages into oversupply, always affect prices.

Copper tightness may break suddenly—with dropping price.

Two factors cut pressure on copper. One is substitutes. Other is probable decline of imports by economically troubled Britain, France, whose bidding is primary cause of world price three cents a pound above U. S. ceiling.

✓ **DON'T WAIT TOO LONG** to mend your financial fences.

Business financing agencies report rising volume of applications for loans, and a rising number of turndowns.

Reason: Trends that have caused need for extra financing have run too long, increasing loan risk.

"If they had come to us sooner we could have helped most of those we are declining," reports head of one financing agency.

Higher taxes, slower payments on accounts receivable absorb operating cash, send businessmen out seeking loans.

One concern, recipient of a \$100,000,-000 bank loan, finds under present taxes it has to make \$2.83 to keep \$1.

Another cause of cash shortage: Financing plant improvement from operating funds without sufficient set-aside for taxes.

✓ **NOTE SHARP CONTRAST** in effect of defense rearmament—and war.

Outbreak of Korean shooting brought huge appropriations—and almost universal acceptance of belief that World War II economic pattern was returning.

Expected were big—inflation-producing—government deficits, tight shortage (or even absence) of some consumer and producer goods.

But what's happened?

From 1941 through 1946 Government's cash deficits totaled \$186,000,000,000.

In 1950 cash deficit was \$2,200,000,-000, and in (fiscal) 1951 there was a cash surplus of \$7,600,000,000.

For fiscal '52 (ending June 30) Government's cash position is estimated variously from a \$1,000,000,000 surplus to a \$4,000,000,000 deficit.

But even with '52 at its \$4,000,000,-000 deficit worst, the three years will

MANAGEMENT'S WASHINGTON LETTER

average out to a cash surplus.


On the consumer supply side, auto makers produced fewer than 1,000,000 cars and trucks a year during World War II. In past two years they have produced 15,000,000.

Housing starts in '44 and '45 combined were fewer than 400,000. In past two years they have totaled 2,500,000.

Production of refrigerators, other consumer durables since Korea has been at rates 20 times those of World War II days.

And at the same time U. S. capital expenditures for new plant and equipment have been running at a \$23,000,000,000 a year rate.


Note: Appropriations for aircraft, far and away the largest part of the defense-procurement program, total slightly more than \$23,000,000,000 in past 18 months.

 **YOU'LL EAT MORE BEEF**, less pork this fall—if farmers' present intentions are carried out.

Scarcity and high price of feed brings cut in spring pig crop, which means fewer pigs will go to market this fall.

But same feed situation will send more beef cattle to slaughter—cattle that under other circumstances would be fattened in feed lots.

If Department of Agriculture gets all it's asking for in plantings—planned to bring an all-time record harvest—farmers are likely to change their minds, intentions, on animal marketings.

 **NORMALCY—OR PILE-UP**—it's too early to tell which is coming in farm machinery field.

Equipment on dealers' hands is rising. Increase comes despite materials cutback ordered by National Production Administration.

It also runs opposite trend predicted by Agriculture Department experts who protested NPA limitations.

If trend now in motion is toward normalcy it means a return to pre-World War II days, when planting implements accumulated on dealers' hands during winter, harvesting machines during summer.

Implement makers say present dealer inventories probably mean normalcy.


Last summer, for first time since pre-war, harvesting machinery piled up at midyear. It moved out at harvest time. And the industry had its highest volume year on record.

"But," adds one manufacturer, "the days when you could sell a corn planter any month in the year are gone."

Trend also indicates farmers are hang-

ing onto their cash as long as they can.

Cutback in materials had little effect on implement output. Use of inventoried material, switching to lines in heaviest demand, held drop to a fraction of the 20 per cent steel cutback—a cutback the industry expects to be restored soon.

 **COSTS, EFFICIENCY** in plant where your customers work is important to your business.

Since World War II more than \$100,000,000,000 has been poured into capital investment in the U. S.

That means the nation has great number of new, high-efficiency, low-cost processing, producing plants.


It means also that some older plants no longer are competitive—except in heavy-demand markets.

So your business depends not only on who your customers work for, but where.

For example: Steel's new \$400,000,000 plant on the Delaware River incorporates new methods, lower costs.

If steel demand softens it's unlikely the Delaware plant will go down. Layoffs will come instead in the old "well-established" but higher operating cost areas.

Same pattern holds true in competition within industries, within localities—note New England's textile troubles.

 **BRIEFS:** Not a single combat airplane has been delivered from money appropriated for aircraft since Korea—either by automobile or plane industry. . . . In only 11 years since 1914 has steel production been as high as 85 per cent of capacity. As recently as 1949 level was down to 81 per cent. . . . Economists who favor creeping inflation as lubricant for production, employment, say three per cent per year would be safe. It would mean your money, other values, would be cut in half every 23 years. . . . AFL reports slowdown in consumer demand has caused more layoffs than defense program cutbacks, dislocations. . . . On same day that President Truman promised Britain 800,000 tons of steel Governor Lausche said Ohio couldn't get American steel for its turnpike—but had been offered steel by ten firms in seven foreign countries, including England.



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By My Way

R. L. DUFFUS



Don't spoil Uncle Sam

SOME years ago I made a pilgrimage to Troy, N. Y., to have a good cry over the monument to Samuel Wilson (1766-1854) erected in 1936 by the Veterans of Foreign Wars. I did not know Mr. Wilson when he was alive—I was too young. But I was grateful to him for one thing: during the War of 1812 he sold meat to the Army, marking each barrel or hunk with the symbol "US-EA." Some said the first two initials stood for United States, the second two initials for Elbert Anderson, the polite and gentlemanly contractor who knew a good thing when he saw it. But Mr. Wilson was known in the Hudson River Valley as "Uncle Sam" and the soldiers who ate the meat came to think of the United States as a sort of Sam Wilson—a kindly old soul, indeed, though firm at times. Naturally Mr. Wilson was dressed in the fashion of his day, with striped trousers, chin whiskers and tall hat, and that is how, with some slight structural modifications, he has come down to us. Somebody in Chicago has proposed to streamline him and make him younger and more stylish. The citizens of Troy will have none of this and I, for one, am on their side. This nation has done very well with Uncle Sam. He has made his mistakes but he has stood for justice, courage and freedom. Let us not shave his whiskers or make him press his pants. He is all right the way he is.

Report on whaling

I LEARN from the *Wall Street Journal* that this season's production of whale oil was expected to amount to about 2,272,000 barrels—same as last year's. This is pretty good for an industry that many landmen have considered to be romantic but dead. All the whalers at sea are not many more than one third the number in the American whaling fleet a century ago but I am sure they are bigger and more comfortable to ride around in. It is

hard to make comparisons, because there were different sorts of whaling. For instance, a layman might think that the right whale was the one to go after, but this was not the case if one were looking for sperm whales. However, I should think that, counting sperm oil and whale oil a century ago and counting whale oil today (and please don't ask me to tell the difference on a dark night), the whaling fleets of today are taking ten times as much as did those of a century ago. Or, at any rate, a great deal more. We no longer burn whale oil products, but we do lubricate with them, take them as medicine and even, so they say, eat them. Well, it's nice to know that whales are not slighted and neglected, even in these busy modern times.

Valor comes free

REP. DONALD L. O'TOOLE of New York has a bill to raise the money stipend of holders of the Congressional Medal of Honor from \$8 a month to \$100 a month. I think we can afford this. But I doubt that a man who wouldn't be brave for \$8 a month would be brave for \$92 a month more. For though valor can be honored and rewarded it can't be bought. Like rainbow-hued sunsets, like the coolness of evening after a hot day, like mercy and kindness, it comes free or not at all.



Sulphur 'n' molasses

ABOUT this time of year we used to take sulphur 'n' molasses, just as nowadays we take vitamin pills. The sulphur 'n' molasses was more interesting. The molasses tasted good, whereas the sulphur did not.

My method was not to mix the two more than I could avoid. I would eat the sulphur and get it over with. Then I would linger over the molasses, almost wishing there were more of each. I don't know that a modern boy would consider molasses delicious, unless it was first made into something called candy. But modern boys miss a lot. They miss knowing how tempting almost anything tastes, short of an old shoe, when you have had a good dose of sulphur.

New house next door

THEY'VE been building a house on the lot next to ours—a wooden house put together with nails. There were weeks when the weather interfered, snow or rain poured down through the unfinished roof and the carpenters, who are pretty vigorous citizens, had to lay off. But there were other days when the new frame rose sharply against the blue sky in the crisp, bright air, and a cheerful thing it was to see. We think we'll like our neighbors, even though each new house diminishes somewhat the air of untouched wildness that was around us when we first moved into our own modest shack. And how good the brisk sound of carpenters' hammers is! We have a catalog of pleasant sounds, some of which I have mentioned in these paragraphs—rain on the roof, the coming and going of waves on a shingly beach, the distant puffing of a steam locomotive, and all that—but the sound made by a good carpenter driving nails with swift, sure strokes is as fine as any. And good carpenters are men I delight to honor.

Progress does her stuff

AN OLD lane used to run between New England style stone walls down the hill past our house and lot. It was a bumpy old lane, suitable for horses and buggies but not for automobiles. We ourselves went up to the main highway when we had errands in the outer world. The lane had its charm at all times. In winter, when we were fortunate to have plenty of snow, it had, for children, its uses. But now progress has laid her efficient hand upon it; it has been graded and surfaced; it is open to traffic, and some of the traffic, in fear of being ten seconds late somewhere—perhaps the next world—goes down at a merry clip. So we no longer catch glimpses, after a snowfall, of red caps and scarfs, we no longer hear the shrill squeals and make-believe-fright-

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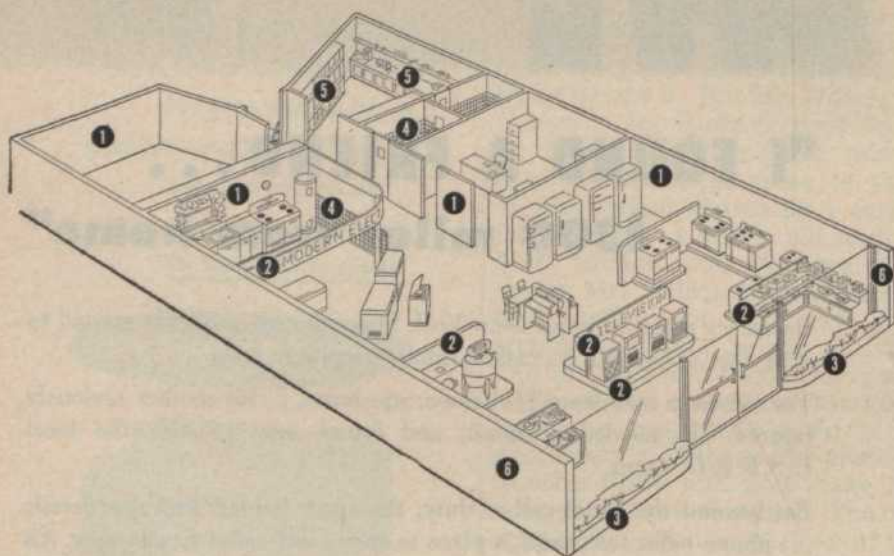
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ened laughter of the neighborhood children. We wouldn't want them sliding there now—we'd be worried for their safety. Of course I'm in favor of progress. It wouldn't do me much good not to be. But I wish she'd leave some things alone.

Uncle Australopithecus

THE Smithsonian Institution has acquired some bones once belonging to what the United Press calls "a curious ape-like creature with primitive human characteristics." Australopithecus, for that is the creature's name, has been dead for a million years or so and doesn't need bones any more. Scientists think he may have been an experiment that failed, and that the human race is descended from some other experiment. One wonders how different we would have been if we had taken after Uncle Australopithecus instead of Great-grandfather Adam. Would we still have hated to get up in the morning and lost our tempers when people put pins in our shirts? Would we still have made war and passed through red lights? Would we still have had our heroes and our saints? I wish I knew—but I don't.

A "bent to remove"

I HAVE been reading with uncommon pleasure Marshall B. Davidson's "Life in America" (Houghton Mifflin Co., 1951; more than 1,200 pictures, 250,000 words); it's a book that many Americans will have to go without, for it costs \$20 for the two big volumes, but I can think of worse things on which to spend \$20. It is actually a history, but that shouldn't worry anybody who is tempted to buy or borrow it. American history is about the excitingest history there is, once you get past the school-day stage of having to remember dates. It would take many volumes to explain all that has happened on this continent since 1492, or even since 1620, but I found one phrase that was true then and is true now. Says Davidson: "When the people of Newtown, Mass., wanted to move westward into Connecticut in the seventeenth century they gave as one of their reasons 'the strong bent of their spirits to remove thither.'" It is this "strong bent" that made the great trails from the Atlantic to the Pacific and populated a wilderness that was once expected to stay unconquered for hundreds of years. The same impulse has made us a nation on wheels and created traffic problems

and tragedies. And I personally, who like to take late winter or early spring vacations, am being strongly bent by that old urge at this very moment. So history, even in small ways, repeats.

Grippe is no longer fun

I HAVE been having flu or grippe at intervals ever since I was 12 years old. I never liked the disease itself but I used to enjoy being convalescent, not having to get up in the morning, not having to go to school or, in adult life, to the office, not having responsibilities. I rather liked the feeling that if anybody spoke harshly to me I could—and would—have a relapse. Now, when I have grippe or flu, the doctor shoots a miracle drug into me, in four days or less I am well and in five days I am back at work. As I have said before and intend to say again, the so-called advance of civilization is not clear gain—you pay for it.



Playing it safe

IT IS true, of course, that the birds will soon be working their way north, if you can call flying work; the flowers are getting ready to put out leaves and buds (or buds and leaves, as the case may be); and all Nature may soon awake from her winter sleep. I am an optimist and I look for an improvement in the weather. But I don't take unnecessary chances. I always wear rubbers if I go far from home on March 11, the anniversary of the beginning of the Big Blizzard of 1888.

Dentistry marches on

AMERICANS are spending about three times as much on dental care—or should I say dental caries?—as they did in 1935. For this they are getting about twice as much dental attention as they used to have, which isn't bad when one considers what has been happening to money. If George Washington were living today he almost certainly would have retained most of his teeth and could have had his picture taken smiling—which he never did, great and good man though he was. The best thing about dentists today, though, is

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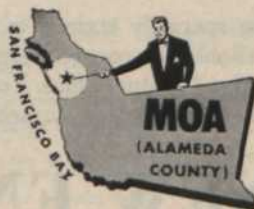
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that they don't hurt much. A visit to one of them used to seem a perilous adventure. Now the risk and glory have gone out of it. I never dreamed I could ever almost go to sleep in a dental chair, but I almost have.

Sliding "belly bump"

I WAS speaking a while ago about "jumpers"—a simple device by which Vermont boys used to try to break their bones sliding down snowy slopes. We also used to slide "belly bump" on low-slung, steel-runnered racers. Girls were expected to sit up on their own kind of sled—a higher, shorter variety. So I was surprised as well as pleased to learn of a spry lady of 80 years in Jaffrey Center, N. H., who has been coasting down Main Street this past winter in what the Associated Press delicately calls "the prone position." I take off my hat to Miss Mabelle E. Cutter, who needn't take off *her* hat to skiers or anybody else.

The wrong sort of fame

I SUPPOSE we would all like to be prominent and have other people take notice of us. We may pretend we don't but it is just pretending. But a good deal of fame, it seems to me, is like the attention we have to pay to persons who arrive at the theatre after the curtain has gone up and force a whole row of innocent customers to stand up while they park their silk hats and take off their ermine wraps. Personally I wouldn't care for that variety of prominence.

Life in the big city

MY WIFE and I have mellowed a little as time has passed. I have come to understand that other people's radios are not operated for the sole purpose of giving pain to me—they also give pleasure to those who operate them, so loudly, just under my window or through the wall. I realize that the crowd on the street or in the subway is not a conspiracy to hinder me in getting about but is made up of individuals not too different from myself, and who would be quite human if they were off somewhere on a desert island—anyhow, off. And the city has its compensations, one of which is that in winter (much less in summer) we don't have to shovel the snow away from our front door. Another is that people in the city are not much different from people in the country—they're just closer together.



The State of the Nation



Felix Morley

THE INTERNATIONAL conference on the German foreign debt, now getting under way in London, is for many reasons worthy of close attention. Because of the complexity of the subject it has received little attention in the daily press. Yet the elements in the situation are both simple and interesting, as well as

vitaly important to our defense effort.

Everybody realizes that as a result of the Russian threat the policy of the Truman Administration towards Germany has now been completely reversed.

The bitter enemy of 1945 has become the courted ally of 1952. The American taxpayer's money is now being used to rebuild the same German factories which we were feverishly dismantling as recently as two years ago. And the primary objective of General Eisenhower's overseas mission is to obtain at least 12 German divisions, well equipped with armor and air support, as the backbone of his European army.

A few weeks ago, after much urging by our diplomatic representatives at Bonn, the government of Chancellor Adenauer rather reluctantly announced the plan to draft German youths for military service which is now under consideration by the West German Parliament. It all contrasts strangely with the assurances given by President

Roosevelt to Congress on March 1, 1945. Just seven years ago Mr. Roosevelt said that the "unconditional surrender" policy:

... means the complete disarmament of Germany; the destruction of its militarism and its military equipment; the end of its production of armament; the dispersal of all its armed forces; the permanent dismemberment of the German General Staff, which has so often shattered the peace of the world.

Our rapid shift from condemnation to condonation of German militarism will undoubtedly be recorded by history as one of its supreme ironies. But more to the fore at the moment is the leverage that this changed attitude has given to Germany in the bargaining on debt settlements.

• • •

The London conference will not consider any reparations that might be demanded from Germany, in addition to its losses of territory, property and intangibles like patents, as a result of the last war. Any such claims will be deferred until it is possible to write a treaty of peace with a government controlling all Germany. This condition cannot come as long as Russia, holding the eastern part of the country, refuses to make any agreement with Britain, France and ourselves, in occupation of Western Germany. The present anomaly of two rival German governments, each seeking control over the country as a whole, is another unanticipated result of the "unconditional surrender" policy. All existing foreign debts

TRENDS



OF NATION'S BUSINESS

of Germany, however, both public and private, both prewar and postwar, are to be discussed with a view to definitive settlement at the London conference. The postwar debt results from the economic assistance given to Western Germany by the three occupying powers—the United States, Great Britain and France—since the end of hostilities there. The prewar debt is a more complicated matter.

It is not generally realized that since May 8, 1945, the American taxpayer has contributed for German relief and reconstruction a sum officially estimated by Washington at \$3,200,000,000, entirely aside from the actual cost of military occupation, for which the Germans pay. Right after the war, relief was necessary to save the demoralized German people from absolute starvation. Then, since German money had become worthless, dollars had to be provided to get the shattered economy of that country functioning.

For a time the policy was to build up small industry while liquidating the organization, and even dismantling the plant, of big business. Only as the Russian threat loomed ever greater, and as it was belatedly realized that dismantling played squarely into Russian hands, was this policy changed to the present objective of restoring Germany's general industrial capacity.

The German Federal Government, established at Bonn in 1949, has from the outset recognized Germany's liability for the postwar aid extended by the United States, and to a smaller extent (about \$500,000,000) by Great Britain and much less (about \$15,000,000) by France. After extended preliminary negotiations, in Bonn and London, these claims have been scaled down by the creditor governments in accordance with Germany's estimated capacity to pay. In December the United States offered to settle its \$3,200,000,000 claim for \$1,200,000,000, payable in 35 annual instalments with interest at 2½ per cent. The British and French write-off is less generous.

While expressing its appreciation of this \$2,000,000,000 debt reduction, the German Federal Government has not yet accepted the American offer, primarily because the highly involved question of the prewar German debts, now under discussion in London, still hangs fire.

These debts, owing for the most part to American banks and private investors, but also to creditors in many European countries, go back

to the Dawes Plan bonds of 1924. The total sum involved is estimated by the Bonn Government itself at \$1,660,000,000, though the organized creditors claim a somewhat higher figure.

Two separate and distinct problems are involved in the resumption of payments on German debts, regardless of whether these are owing to the U. S. Government or to private American investors. The first problem is the collection of the money in German currency in Germany. The second is the transfer of that money in dollars to the United States. These two problems are found in all cases of debts owed by one country to another. But they are especially difficult in Germany because the country is still under four different foreign occupations, with a condition of virtual blockade between the western and Russian zones and with rigorous foreign exchange restrictions.

Nevertheless, if the debts are sufficiently scaled down, it is probable that Western Germany can raise the money in its own currency to service them. The Germans are hard workers and the degree of recovery in the western zone is astonishing to all who have observed it. Taxes are high, but as the Ruhr and Rhineland industries swing into the common European defense effort, the greater productivity should increase the tax yield.

The more dubious problem is the conversion of German marks, raised by taxation in that country, into the American dollars necessary to service old loans that were made in dollars. In the last analysis Germany can only obtain these dollars by selling goods and services in this country. And American manufacturers have their own ideas about encouraging a flood of German imports.

Formidable as the problems are, an heroic effort to solve them amicably will be made at the London conference now getting under way. The Germans want a settlement, because as long as their debts are in default they cannot obtain the credits and loans needed for further industrial expansion. Americans want a settlement, both because a strong Western Germany is essential to our present foreign policy and because private investors would like at least some return on dollar bonds that have paid nothing since 1939.

As long as American policy was to punish and weaken Germany, no settlement of these debts, public or private, was possible. Now that the policy has changed, to regard Germany as a friend and potential ally, a settlement at least becomes feasible. The present conference in London will inevitably progress slowly. But it will probably progress, thus symbolizing that in foreign as in domestic problems there is a way to overcome almost any difficulty, if the will to that end is strong enough.

—FELIX MORLEY

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Washington Scenes



Edward T. Folliard

THE BATTLE for the Presidency this year promises to be one that will long be remembered. In 25 years of reporting politics, I have never known a campaign that started out so early or produced fireworks so quickly. Neither have I known any that aroused such intense and widespread interest at this stage of the game, four months in advance of the national convention.

Truly, it is a humdinger. Travel across the country, as I had the good fortune to do recently, and you become aware of a great blowing off of steam, a discussion of candidates and issues that is extraordinary for this time of the year.

Some of the Republicans, I noticed at a meeting in San Francisco, are alarmed by the fierceness of the struggle in the Grand Old Party. They think that Republicans would be smarter if, instead of cutting each other up, they spent more time in fighting the Democrats.

This is a year, however, when the word "unity" is in bad odor. And I gathered that there are many Republicans who would just as soon see a knock-down, drag-out fight for their party's nomination. After all, they tell you, family quarrels haven't kept the Democrats from winning.

The only Republican preconvention fight in recent times that even approached this one in excitement and drama was that of 1940, when Wendell Willkie won the G.O.P. nomination. But Willkie, as I remember it, didn't really get going until along about May, a month or so before the national convention in Philadelphia.

Here it is winter, and already the landscape is dotted with candidates' headquarters, aflood with campaign literature, and bright with "Win in '52" buttons. There are some other differences, too.

Sen. Robert A. Taft of Ohio, who was beaten by Willkie at Philadelphia, is a much more formidable candidate this time. In 1940, he was new on the national stage, having taken his seat in the Senate only the year before. Now, 12 years later, he is "Mr. Republican," the most powerful man in Washington next to the President himself. Not only that, but he has the prestige that goes with a spectacular victory at the polls—his reelection to the Senate in 1950 by the thumping majority of 431,184 votes.

Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower is like Willkie in this respect, that he is not a professional politician. In other ways the differences are very great. Ike is a towering world figure, whose place in history seems secure no matter what happens to him in the political arena. If public opinion polls mean anything at all, he is one of the most popular Americans that ever lived.

The two remaining candidates—Gov. Earl Warren of California and Harold E. Stassen of Pennsylvania—take a realistic view of their own chances. They know very well that they are likely to be also-rans, and that their only hope for the nomination lies in a Taft-Eisenhower deadlock.

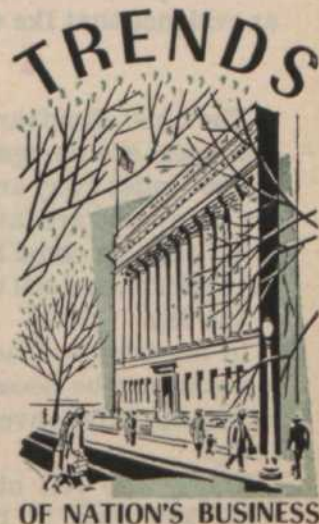
Looming in the background, but not very far in the background, is another five-star soldier who may have to be reckoned with, not as a candidate necessarily but as a voice—an influence. He is, of course, Gen. Douglas MacArthur. The Taft people say that the general is on their side, that he is opposed to Ike or any other military man taking over the White House at this stage of history, and they give the impression that they know what they are talking about. The question is: What is MacArthur going to do about it?

It is far too early for any definite conclusions about the Republican race; as the politicians point out, 1,000 things can happen between now and July 7, when the national convention opens. The situation does, however, permit of a few general observations.

To start with, the race would still seem to be wide open, regardless of all the victory claims that have been made.

Taft certainly is far out in front. He has great "interior" strength; that is to say, support from the professional politicians.

The Eisenhower strategists acknowledge Taft's commanding position at this stage. The task ahead, as they see it, is to arouse such enthusiasm for Ike among the rank and file of Republicans that the professionals—enough of them, at least—will yield to the pressure and swing over to Ike when the showdown comes. To put it another way, they hope that they





will be able to get a bandwagon started that will look so good to the professionals as to be irresistible.

Both Taft and Ike are laboring under certain handicaps.

Taft is bedeviled by talk that is now familiar and out in the open. It goes like this: "Bob is a good fellow, a great Republican, but he just can't be elected." Such talk infuriates the Ohioan's managers. What, they ask, does a man have to do to prove that he is a vote-

getter? Does it mean nothing that Taft has won every race he has ever entered in Ohio?

(Sen. Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts, manager of the Eisenhower campaign, counters with this argument: "American history is full of men who were big vote-getters for state-wide office, but could not make the grade nationally.")

Taft also has to contend with the oft-expressed complaint that he is lacking in "glamour." This has the same red-flag effect on his lieutenants as the Taft-can't-win argument. It led Dave Ingalls, his cousin and campaign manager, to say in San Francisco that the G.O.P. would need only a mortician if it chose a nominee on the basis of "hero worship," "glamour" and "sex appeal"—a speech which the Eisenhower people thought was a tactical blunder.

There is one other thing that disturbs the Taft camp, and that is the public opinion polls. Ingalls argued that they have been a "menace" to the Republican Party—that they have "led the party to defeat repeatedly in the past and can lead us to defeat again."

The Eisenhower strategists have, of course, been using the polls as one of their chief sales arguments. They cite them to show that Ike's popularity is "not merely overwhelming—it is without precedent in history." They point to them as evidence that Ike would be "a certain winner."

The chief disadvantage which the Eisenhower managers are up against is this—that their man is 3,000 miles away and that Republicans (including many who are favorably disposed toward Ike) insist that he come home from Europe, take off his uniform, and tell where he stands on the issues of the day.

In my travels, I heard only one man say that it would not be necessary for Ike to come home before the July convention, and that was Senator Lodge.

Those who felt otherwise, and they include some key men in the Eisenhower movement,

expressed the opinion that Taft would continue to have the advantage unless Ike came home and took his coat off. They didn't go so far as to say that Ike couldn't get the nomination without coming home. They did feel, however, that if he fails to return, the odds will be against him.

One interesting aspect of the political picture this year is the realistic, down-to-earth attitude adopted by both Republicans and Democrats. Both anticipate a hard-fought battle. Both respect each other's power, no matter how scornfully they may talk about each other.

The Eisenhower managers not only acknowledge the strength of the Democratic Party—they emphasize it. They say that the G.O.P. nominee must be able to get a great part of the independent voters and also "the Democrats who are sick and tired of the present national administration."

So much for the Republicans. What of the Democrats?

I was in Kansas City, Kans., when the Democratic leaders of 15 midwestern states gathered there for a rally, and I think that the oratory pretty well indicated the kind of campaign they expect to wage this year. The emphasis will, of course, be on "prosperity."

A Democratic national committeeman, talking to some of us in the new Town House Hotel, held up a copy of the *Kansas City Star*, a pro-Eisenhower paper. He pointed to a headline which said: "Best Year In '51." Then he went on to read the news story: "More Missourians were at work and they earned more money in 1951 than in any previous year in the state's history. . . ."

"There's our platform!" The committeeman said, a note of triumph in his voice.

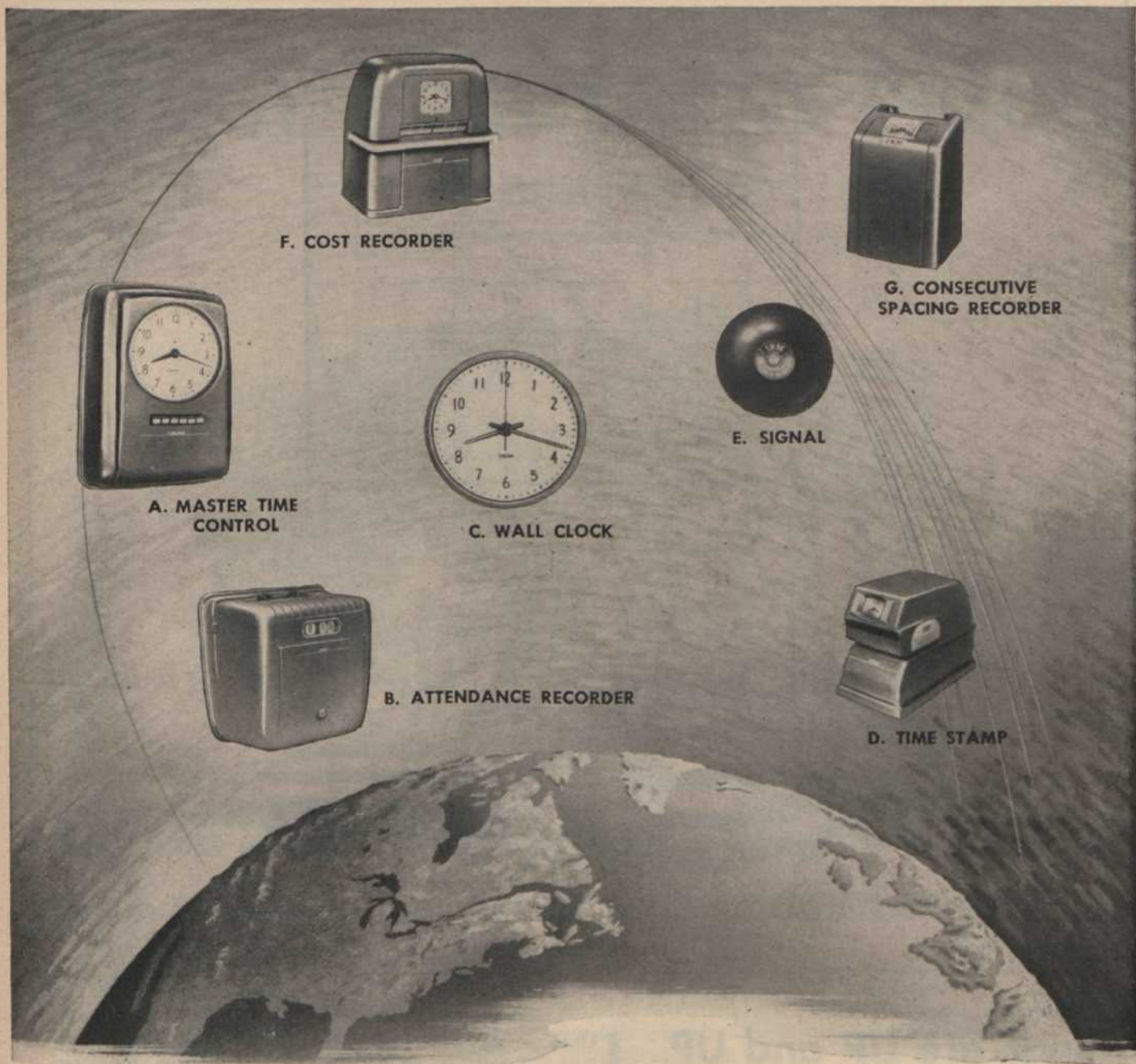
The Democrats not only are prepared to go to town on prosperity—they also are determined to use an issue which has served them now for 20 years: the "Hoover Depression." This was made clear by Sen. Robert S. Kerr of Oklahoma, who was a sort of keynoter at Kansas City.

Kerr, a very rich man, kidded the Republicans who have "grown fat in this prosperity which they could not create and which they fought so hard to prevent." Then he went on to recite the "terrible sins" of the Hoover Administration: 15,000,000 Americans out of work; 85,000 businesses wrecked; 5,000 banks closed, "never to open their doors again," and so on.

A pro-Republican writer, who sat at the press table and listened to Kerr, said afterward that it was "one of the dirtiest" political speeches he had ever heard. Kerr wouldn't have minded that a bit. Like most of the Democratic big guns, the Oklahoman hits hard and plays for keeps.

This is going to be that kind of a political year, one to remember.

—EDWARD T. FOLLIARD



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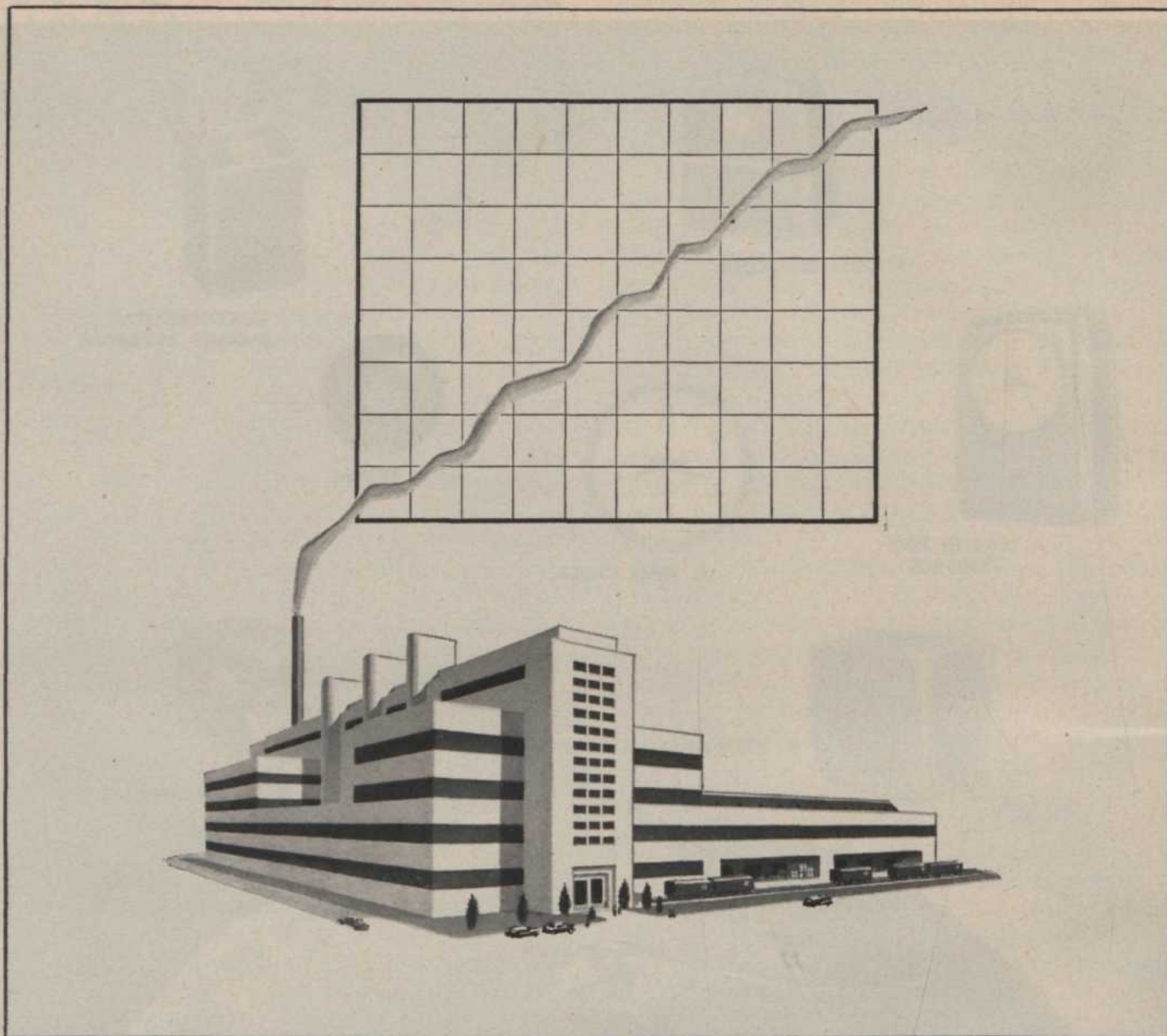
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What This Town Needs

By D. A. HULCY

President, Chamber of Commerce of the United States



OUR lack of pride in our own communities as good places in which to live can drive us on toward centralized government

ONE DAY not long ago, a city near Chicago was exuberantly patting itself on the back. It was about to close a deal—it thought—for a branch plant of a major corporation. It figured it had everything to offer: cheap power, prime transportation, reasonable taxes—in short, the works.

Out came the president of the corporation to inspect the layout for himself. He brought his wife along, and while he negotiated, she inspected the town.

That evening, he told her he was about to okay the proposition.

"It may be okay for you," she said, "but this town is no place where people ought to live."

She had run up considerable mileage herself that day, and she knew what she was talking about. She had found the schools on the offshade side of mediocre; but at that, she said, they stacked up better than the other civic institutions, as far as she could see.

The public library had the air of

a push cart of used books. The lone public playground was fragrant with the mingled aromas from the nearby city dump; and the privately owned cat and dog hospital was a thing of immaculate beauty compared to the dingy building that did duty as a hospital for the human population.

"The deal," she said firmly, "isn't closed."

And it wasn't.

Now, in reverse, here's the story of a little city southward from Chicago on the highway to New Orleans. Down the road early one morning drove the aunt and uncle of a friend of mine, under orders from their doctor to spend the rest of their years soaking their aches and twinges in the sunshine. Natives of the Canadian border country, they were strangers in the South. One town looked much like another to them. Money was no object in their search for a headquarters, and any resort city might have served the purpose.

They chose a little city with no resort facilities, and with no special claim to fame. The aunt chose it.

"If I've got to live among strangers," she explained, "then I want to pick a town where I won't be a stranger very long."

That morning they passed a row of small, tidy, bustling factories, then suddenly rounded a bluff. And there, glowing in the morning light, was the city itself—like one gigantic flower garden.

Hollyhocks jostled each other where weeds would have ordinarily staked out their claim. Fall annuals carpeted the roadside. The spectacle was too abundant and too orderly for happenstance. An understanding eye knew at once that organization talent had been at work.

And it had.

Their real estate man told the elderly couple all about it.

"We're small potatoes as cities go," he said. "We haven't got much to offer outsiders, maybe, but we

figured we could make this town the best kind of place to live."

They—which turned out to be the town's Chamber of Commerce—had started with flowers because the cost was negligible, and the benign soil and sun were automatic allies. But like the man who sets out to buy a necktie and winds up with a wardrobe to match it, the city found the flowers inspiring a general face-lifting operation.

The library looked so shabby with its garland of flowering vines that the Chamber did minor surgery on it first and then treated it to a paint job. The city's major industry lend-leased its talent to overhaul the only hospital for fear it might take shame beside the glistening library. Another industry said the kids might as well use its half dozen vacant acres for a baseball diamond—at least until some buyer came along—which up to then seemed none too likely.

"What's the politics around these parts?" asked the uncle in the story.

"Well," said the real estate man, "I guess you might say we're on the conservative side, so to speak. Folks are inclined to string along with fellows who want to go to Congress on the economy ticket. Of course, we've got a pretty solid set of citizens. Labor stays with us. Good pay here. Working conditions good, too. Nice bunch of men running the plants."

But in that other city to the north, there was as good or better pay; there were as good or better general working conditions. But the town's vote was inevitably recorded on the side of more government—and less economy.

Stacking the two cities side by side, I began to wonder seriously if the trend toward centralization of government in America today is in direct proportion to our lack of accent on the community as a good place to live.

I took that question with me on a tour that has carried me to more than half a hundred cities in all sectors of the country. That's a fairly healthy sampling, and on the basis of it, plus information from other sources, I believe that too much of the American business community is neglecting a vital self-obligation.

It has concentrated on the job of being a good employer; it is strong for developing a sense of "participation" among its employees. It's a good boss from the sun's first wink to the 4 o'clock whistle. But how

good a neighbor is it when living begins at 4 p.m.?

Out in the Pacific Northwest is a factory that illustrates my point. Call it the Warp & Woof Company. This concern has a high wage scale; splendid working conditions; benefits galore. But its management sits baronially aloof from the community. In effect, it tells the town that it's mighty lucky to have the plant at all.

Warp & Woof considers it has done its full stint and done it handsomely when it pays well, contributes to the Community Chest and piously forwards its fee to the local Chamber of Commerce. This all sounds fine in the annual report, but I wonder if Warp & Woof is aware that it is innocently contributing to the slow disintegration of the American system.

I had a chance to hear what its workers think of Warp & Woof. They said, sure, it's a good place to work. That's because the company considers it good business for itself to make it so. No other reason. And the inference is that all business, as personified by this concern, has a slide rule for a spinal cord. It has a home town, but it makes no effort to nurture or create home ties. It frets and fusses about "participation" in the plant; it likes to talk about the "Warp & Woof family," and then ignores its opportunity to participate in the larger family of its own home town.

Its civic mindedness is expressed in the figures on its payments to



the business organizations, but the men of the Warp & Woof Company are apt to come up missing when there is work to be done that money alone can't do.

One of these days, perhaps, the company may be in trouble over something. The kind of trouble that money and legal talent can't automatically adjust. It may be the kind of trouble that can't be surmounted without the backing of the people of the home town.

We all know that the true test of a man's standing is a time of crisis. Will his neighbors rally to his cause and help him fight his battles? Or will they say: "It's too bad, but he's big enough to shift for himself. He's a cold fish, anyway."

What applies to an individual, applies to business. It has applied, in fact, not once, but often. A huge chain store organization is hauled up before the Government on anti-trust charges, for example. And to the astonishment of almost everybody, and most of all to Government, its competitors give it a clean bill of health; its customers dig up their hatchets and go on the war-path for it. And why? Because each of its scores of outlets had made itself a part of its town—as much as any native-son establishment. Its hard work was paying off.

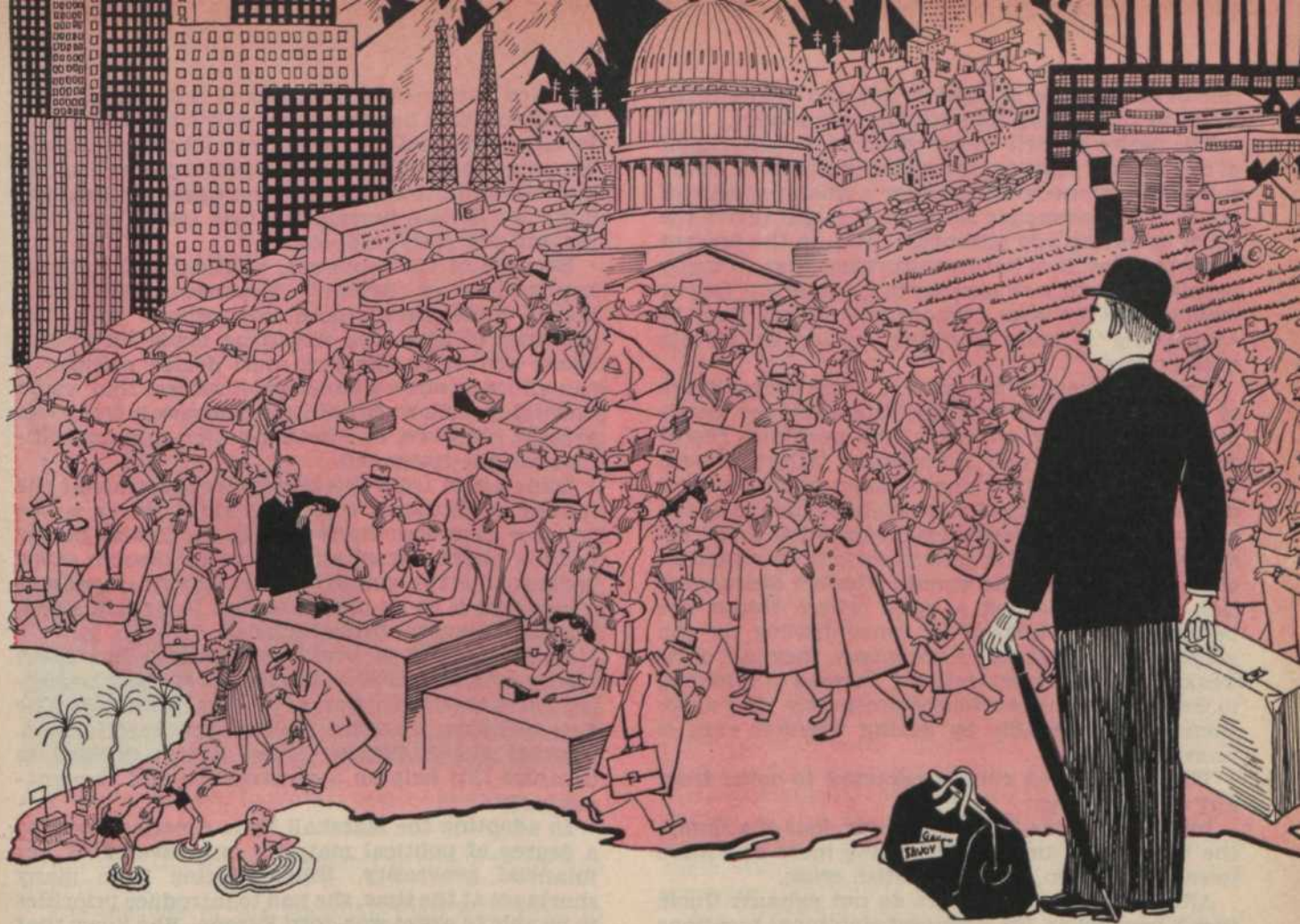
The Warp & Woof Company up there within sighting distance of Mount Rainier might be the branch of a national corporation or it might be an independent concern with third generation ownership. As it happens, it is an independent, but in its attitude it is an absentee landlord, a machine run by remote control—as chilly as the mountain peak.

If it ever gets in serious trouble, I will bet the first thing it does is to hire an advertising genius to expound about its lofty purposes and solicitude for its employees. I will also bet that it will be too late. All the institutional advertising in creation won't tip the scales that have been overbalanced through the years by a standoffish attitude.

In sharp relief against this picture is the case of how one man carried the burdens of his national corporation on his shoulders—alone. He was the manager of a local outlet in a state where the corporation enjoyed anything but general good will. Into the state legislature one day popped a bill that would have cost the corporation more than money—it was the kind of legislation that would serve as "model" stuff for other states—and it looked as if a decision of the courts would be against the corporation.

It was corporation policy to shift its managers around at regular intervals, but it hadn't been able to shift this fellow. His town—his "home town," as he called it, wouldn't have him moved. He was too useful a citizen. He was up to his ears in Chamber of Commerce endeavors. He belonged to the town, and it belonged to him. At the first hint of transfer, his fellow businessmen indited stern and

(Continued on page 91)



America Revisited

By GEORGE SOLOVEYITCHIK

WHILE admiring our vitality and accomplishments, this Englishman is shocked at our waste

REVISITING America is always a thrilling experience. The tempo at which this incredibly dynamic and moody nation moves forward—the pace at which it not only conducts its day-to-day affairs but keeps on adjusting itself to its new world-wide responsibilities would be impressive alone. To a European this American vitality is stimulating.

Now that America has suddenly become the world's leading political, economic, and military power, she has developed a remarkable awareness of her new responsibilities. The way the nation has matured in this respect is quite unbelievable. From the highest officer to the humblest citizen, everybody knows that the days of splendid isolation are over; that America is involved in world affairs up to the hilt and cannot get out of this situation; indeed, the argument—when there is one—only ranges over

the question of the extent of this commitment or the methods and personalities best suited to carry it out.

Never before have I encountered here such a widespread desire for knowledge and education. Young and old realize that they cannot possibly understand what is going on without first acquiring a certain amount of background information. Everyone seems eager to do whatever he can to improve matters at home and abroad.

This new attitude is also manifest in the striking improvement in race relations that I found in many places, including the South. This may be partly due to changing economic conditions, but I have no doubt that an ever-growing number of citizens realize that America cannot lead the world in a crusade for freedom, liberty and democracy and then herself be guilty of violating the very principles she preaches to the rest of humanity.

But, together with these encouraging proofs of progress, I also found much frustration and even a sense of fatalism—especially among the young who feel that the future is so utterly beyond their control that it is hopeless to make any plans. The tragic record of Korean casualties serves as a constant reminder that at any moment a new genera-

tion of GI's may be shipped or flown to fight and die in lands that mean little to them personally.

The desire for self-improvement and betterment of one's social position undoubtedly still lives. Given the slightest encouragement or a small measure of political and economic stability, it might revive the spirit of daring and adventure. But, in the present uncertainties, it is hardly surprising that so many people prefer to seek security in government jobs or employment by large corporations rather than by attempting a more thrilling future as private enterprisers.

The daily press, in my opinion, bears a large share of responsibility for creating this excessive pessimism. When, day after day, the headlines report crime, corruption and government failure in both domestic and international duties; when youthful dope delinquents, fraudulent athletes, dishonest tax collectors, self-confessed ex-Communists and irresponsible political wire-pullers seem to dominate all the news, many people wonder whether disintegration has not reached a point where things are beyond repair. Instead of concentrating on the achievements of America's economy, they talk of its weaknesses and imperfections. Instead of rejoicing in the present unprecedented prosperity, they make themselves miserable by asking whether ruin is unavoidable.

This anticipated ruin is expected to come from any of four things:

Inevitability of a third world war, fear of a slump, the belief that America is turning more and more toward Socialism, and the British crisis.

Although these four fears do not exhaust Uncle Sam's headaches, his strongest emotional reactions can be traced back to them.

Surprisingly, the most tangible and perhaps the greatest headache of the moment is Britain's crisis. Its magnitude and sharpness constantly present

America with new problems and difficulties. Now that Uncle Sam has to add not only a lot of Britain's former responsibilities to his own (thus unwillingly becoming something of an "imperial power") but is also called on to shoulder a great deal of responsibility for Britain herself, the task seems bewildering and infinitely complex.

Because of the economic, political and military implications of Britain's weakness, the United States finds itself faced everywhere with the necessity of acting or of getting ready for action. Again and again America must decide whether it can afford to allow a Communist success that would inevitably follow Britain's withdrawal from her present positions, or whether action and expenditure are the lesser evil.

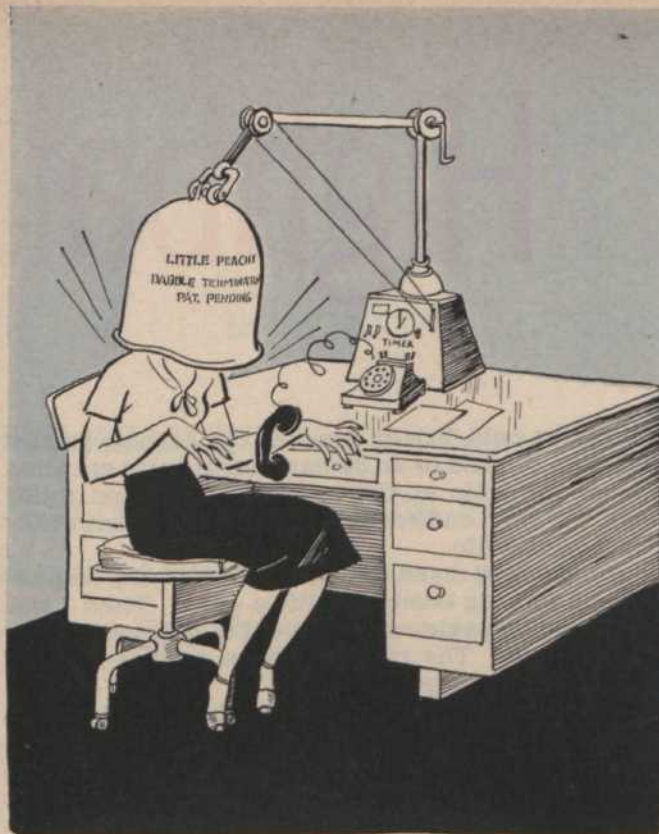
Quite apart from this general concern about the decline of Britain's role as a world power is the genuine American desire to help the British people in their plight—despite the fact that tension exists between the two countries. Yet America's present annoyance is by no means limited to Britain alone, Europe in general being included.

Since the end of hostilities America has spent nearly \$40,000,000,000 on foreign aid without bothering much about economic or political principles. The first spending, done in a rather haphazard fashion, reached \$17,000,000,000. Then it was decided to organize this help on a constructive and thought-out basis.

In adopting the Marshall Plan, America revealed a degree of political maturity only rivaled by her financial generosity. Still suffering from many shortages at the time, she had to introduce priorities to be able to assist war-torn Europe. She knew that the effort might endanger the balance of her own economy, but she was willing to take the risk. The fact that in those days America happened to be enjoying unprecedented prosperity in no way



Uncle Sam is wasting men, time, money and goods at a scale even beyond his own reputation



A gadget is needed to curtail useless phoning

diminishes the spirit in which the whole thing was undertaken.

The purpose of the Marshall Plan was, first, to enable Europe to bridge her huge dollar gap. With this dollar help Europe was expected to expand her production, rebuild her trade, and gradually grow less and less dependent on American sources of supply, while at the same time earning more and more dollars in the American market. There was also another American objective—to contain Communism. Finally, the plan was described as “America’s design for peace.” Viewed from this angle, the huge recovery program was a matter of enlightened American self-interest.

In theory this looked perfect. The practical working out of these ideas, however, has revealed some glaring inconsistencies in the way the United States chooses to conduct its affairs. An enemy of state interference coupled with long-term planning, it has been forcing on Europe for the past four years the very things abominated at home. The United States demands that European economy be “integrated.” If this means anything, it means that Europe’s competing commercial and industrial interests must somehow be cartelized.

Socialism also is hated, but by giving Marshall aid to socialist or socialist-controlled governments, the United States sustained them in office. In return, these European Socialists abuse America as a private capitalist.

Against trade discrimination, America has preached the virtues of reducing or even abolishing tariffs throughout Europe. It has also tried to force on the continent an international trade charter. But the draft of that charter demands special privileges for American agriculture; the Foreign Assistance Act of 1948 established discrimination in favor of American shipping, and more recently, American watch manufacturers have been trying to get legislative action to curb Swiss watch imports while the cheese producers have obtained an amendment

restricting importation of foreign dairy products.

Obviously this particular American headache will not be cured until the United States finds an economic and foreign policy that will enable Europeans to make a constructive attempt to follow its leadership.

As for the other headaches—barring war—it seems to me that Americans let themselves be made unnecessarily miserable.

In the case of Socialism, it would indeed be folly to spend billions of dollars on “containing” or even fighting Communism abroad while paying out more billions to pave the way for a peculiar form of collectivism at home—but Britain’s example is certainly one of the strongest possible deterrents against too much “Socialism” in the U.S.A. It is true, of course, that the state is tending to play an increasingly active part in the life of the nation in general, and the life of every individual citizen in particular. Still, in my observation, America is as yet far from being a welfare state or from becoming a socialist one.

As for the fear of a depression, this is largely founded on a variety of theories. Even before rearmament was begun, I frequently heard the view that the pattern established by the history of past cycles proves the inevitability of a severe depression after years of boom conditions. Now the prophets of gloom like to maintain that indefinite rearmament expenditure must lead to ruin; or else, that the ending of this expenditure will promptly mean a slump of the utmost violence. Indeed, according to some, America would be suffering from an acute recession right now if it were not for rearmament.

As a visitor, I invite no arguments about America’s economic future. But it seems to me that the pessimists are trying to have it both ways. If rearmament expenditure is a safeguard against a slump, how can it be ruinous at the same (Continued on page 76)



Americans have a broad desire for knowledge

Highball

IT WAS a cold, bright dawn as the caboose rattled along on the end of an 80-car freight train crawling across the Ohio at Cairo, Ill. J. H. Wilson rolled with the car's endless sway as he talked about railroading and life.

"I never had much schooling. I was firing engines when I was big enough to lift a scoop. Then I was promoted to engineer and now I'm division traveling engineer. The railroad's been good to me. My kid went to college."

He was a little sad when he said that. In these days you're afraid to ask a man about his boy who went to college. But Wilson answered the unasked question. "He quit school after a year. The damn fool's firing on the Kentucky division. He didn't have to. Said 'railroadin' is in my blood!'"

Wilson shifted the talk to point out where the Mississippi had pushed back the tracks of the Illinois Central Railroad. We soon slid into the Fulton, Ky., yards ready to cut out 24 freight cars and pick up 18 for Memphis. We were on MS-1, among the nation's fastest regularly scheduled freight trains, on a run from Chicago to Memphis. We were 33 minutes ahead of schedule, but lost those minutes and ten more when a yardman found a "hotbox" just as we were about to pull out. Wilson and I

The engineer gets his orders for the run



The spirit of old Casey Jones still lives today



Slocum rode 10,000 miles over 16 roads to get his story of the industry at its best



Down Through Dixie

By WILLIAM J. SLOCUM

RAILROADING, like the theater and circus, seems to get into the blood. Men fight the elements and economic vagaries with the same inbred pride

climbed aboard the diesel switching engine that was breaking up the long freight to cut out the car with the faulty journal.

As we maneuvered, a mighty steam engine came roaring out of the South, a half mile of boxcars swaying under its streaming smoke plume. As we passed, a dirty face split by a wide grin bobbed out of the engine window. The grinning man raised his hand high—a “highball”—the eternal railroad signal that the track is clear. Wilson’s hand flashed upward in reply.

The gray-haired man piloting the diesel grinned at Wilson, then nodded toward me.

“Well, tell him. You’re bustin’ your britches to.”

Wilson beamed and said to me, “That fellow firing that engine . . . that’s my son.”

“Is he on time?” I asked him then.

“Of course. Right on the money. I told you—he’s my boy.”

A lot of miles and a few days later I sat in an impressive office in Chicago and listened as a terse and busy executive answered my questions. He was proud of the profit the Illinois Central had made; of the retirement of its bonded indebtedness; of the imaginative business-building program his road was conducting in South America. He was also understandably proud that he, Wayne Johnston, had gone to work for the I.C. 33 years ago for \$110 a month and is now the road’s president. While I was searching for a sound fiscal question I idly mentioned how impressive I had found the performance of a group of young executives called “trainmasters”—fast moving trouble shooters who have to know railroading from caboose to countinghouse.

“Yes, sir, they’re a smart lot,” Johnston agreed. Then he ceased being the terse executive. “We’re proud of those young fellows. We old goats just couldn’t handle jobs like theirs. They’re real railroaders, young as they are. You didn’t meet the best of the trainmasters, did you?”

They had all seemed pretty good to me. Johnston laughed, “Well, maybe he’s not the best. But he’s

Trainmen tell each other this story: “We’ve looked at your wheels and all is well”



not bad. Young fellow named Johnston, working out of Carbondale. He's my son."

Johnston, president of the I.C., and Wilson, traveling engineer out of Jackson, were then and there the same man. Railroaders! This railroading, like the circus or the theater, has a tradition and a language all its own.

Casey Jones, patron saint of all railroaders, wound up dead with his hand on the throttle but today Casey's son is a pipefitter for his daddy's railroad. Casey's grandson is a mechanic at the Fulton yards.

To most of us an engineer is a man who drives an engine; a conductor collects tickets; a dispatcher keeps the trains moving safely. Not so to a railroad man. To him each of these jobs is an art so there are good and bad engineers, dispatchers, and conductors.

Casey Jones is still the object of respect and affection on his road, the Illinois Central. The "Cannonball" was wrecked in the tiny town of Vaughan, Miss., and most of the workers on the railroad think that some sort of monument should mark the spot. The I.C. brass, however, is not too sure it is wise to commemorate a wreck. The workers answer, "Folks should learn that Casey Jones is a true story. Most everybody thinks it's just a song. It isn't. It's real railroadin'."

On April 29, 1900, Casey Jones brought the northbound Cannonball into Memphis right on the money after a 190-mile run up from Canton, Miss. The engineer of the southbound Cannonball was ill so Casey agreed to double out. The song says Casey was a "rounder," but he was, in fact, a sober and serious gentleman—reputedly the best engineer on the road and, in ten years of passenger service, hadn't a mark against his record.

Casey took the southbound Cannonball out of Memphis 95 minutes late and after 150 miles of his 190-mile run had her within a few minutes of being on time. Being a railroader he was proud of a hard job well done. He knew he'd hit Canton on the nose

if he wasn't slowed up by the concentration of four late running trains at Vaughan. These trains were to be sidetracked to let Casey through.

Casey came around a bend into Vaughan at 70 miles an hour, a mite too fast, as Casey's most devoted admirers admit. But even had he been slower he would have been in for trouble because four freight cars were out on the main track as the result of a broken hose. Casey's fireman saw the predicament and Casey poured on the brakes. As the train slowed the fireman yelled for Casey to jump. Casey kept fighting his throttle and brakes but yelled, "You jump. I'm stayin'."

"Fireman jumped, but Casey stayed on;

He was a good engineer, but dead and gone."

Casey was found with one hand on the throttle and the other on the air brake control. He had managed to slow down the Cannonball enough so that none of his passengers was killed even though he had to kill himself to do it.

I wandered some 10,000 miles on 16 railroads and it was an experience in American industry at its best. Railroads don't produce their product and their profit in an air-conditioned factory. They operate in an endless war against weather, terrain and economic vagaries.

All of the railroads weren't good. Two or three were on the rim of obsolescence. This operating and equipment sloppiness stood out in sharp contrast to the speed and modernity of most of the roads. I whipped and sawed through a snow storm and gale in the Rockies right on the money; I ran four hours late on a 200-mile trip over prairie land. Oddly, the late running roads had the bad equipment. They also had, even in this day, pretty bad Dun and Bradstreet ratings.

To see what made a good railroad good I spent some time in the cabooses, coaches, Pullmans, engines, diesels, and business offices of the Illinois Central.

In a completely unrank- (Continued on page 82)

Speeding trains pick up orders via a forked stick



Operating a diesel is likened to handling a big car



The battle against hotboxes goes on ceaselessly





Pressure and fear are the goads of an executive

You, Too, Can Get Ulcers

By JOHN KORD LAGEMANN

WHY do so many men who have made a success of their business careers feel they've made a failure of their personal lives? Why aren't they satisfied to level off and enjoy life instead of feeling they have to keep climbing? Outside of their offices, why are they so often bored, jittery and lonely?

For years hard-pressed executives have complained in private: "Nobody understands me." Their emotional problems went unheeded even after management discovered that increased attention to the personal happiness of workers paid off in increased production. Today, thanks to an acute shortage of men qualified to boss our burgeoning defense effort, many large corporations are not only willing but eager to sit down and hold hands while executives let down their hair.

From the responses of thousands of top-level men to countless tests and interviews backed up by abundant clinical evidence, it would appear that the executive's

AMBITION, drive, self-reliance and decisiveness are qualities that help to make a man a business success. They can also wreck his personal life

chances of achieving emotional security and inner contentment are considerably under par for the population. The more successful the executive is, the greater his susceptibility to emotional frustrations and their attendant ulcers, colitis, heart diseases and other psychosomatic symptoms. This doesn't mean that executives can't be happy, even though successful. A lot of them obviously are. But the evidence shows they're happy in spite of their success—and not because of it.

Of course, executives aren't the only ones who suffer. "It's a sick world," one doctor for a large corporation told me. "We're all living under too much pressure—even our

children. But these fellows who come to me are under more pressure than most—not just because their jobs load them with more responsibility but because of the kind of people they are."

Executives seem to come in all shapes and temperaments. But according to Dr. William E. Henry, University of Chicago psychologist who formulated one of the most widely used personality tests for management selection, a man doesn't just happen to make good as an executive any more than a pretty girl just happens to win a beauty contest. He has to be "the type." Dr. Henry and many other psychologists working independently of one another have come up



It's hard for some bosses to slow down, to play, or just loaf

with just about the same personality profile of the successful executive.

Make him president of a medium-sized manufacturing corporation and call him "J.B." Let's see why J.B.'s a success, why it's backfired on him, and what can be done to help him achieve the fuller, rounder life.

J.B. isn't a genius by a long shot. In fact he's the "typical American," only more so. He possesses to an unusual degree the qualities we cherish in our national character—ambition, driving energy, self-reliance, decisiveness, ingenuity and hard common sense. That's why he's a success.

It's also why he's unhappy. "He is still the executive," says Dr. Henry, "in situations where there is no point in being an executive."

For J.B., business has always come first—over wife, children, friends. Home is just another department with the "little woman" in charge. Her part of the bargain is to bring up the children, carry off the necessary entertaining, maintain the family position in civic affairs, and generally make "the right impression on people"—and, of course, not bother him with too many petty details. Apart from these duties her time is her own and J.B. doesn't feel he's asking too much. After all, he's a darned good provider.

J.B.'s wife feels this rivalry between home and office keenly. "Don't you realize I'm doing all this for you and the kids?" J.B. blurts

out now and then when the issue comes to a head.

A deep, intuitive understanding between husband and wife does not thrive on this kind of tension. This makes for subtle hostilities which are sometimes expressed in unsatisfying sex relations and in bickering about money which becomes what psychiatrists call a "potency symbol." When J.B. complains about his wife's extravagance, he hardly realizes that spending his money may be a punishing way of getting something out of him she can't get in any other way.

The hardheaded "realism," which is a virtue in business, makes J.B. blind to or impatient of his wife's "romantic notions" and of his children's wild imaginings. Knowing little of their inner life, he shares few of their confidences. Always cautious lest somebody put one over on him or take him in, he is seldom the victim of spontaneous roughhousing. At home, as in business, he is uneasy unless everything is "under control." His home is almost as comfortable and well run as a good hotel. Its location, size, style and decorations have been chosen to impress others rather than to express himself.

Dutiful and loyal, both as husband and father, J.B. wants above all to be "proud" of his children as "chips off the old block"—in other words, he wants them to be a credit to himself, another symbol of his success. While they often perform beautifully while young, the chil-

dren gradually learn to assert themselves as persons in their own right in ways that are almost inevitably a source of great surprise and disappointment to their father.

Friendship as well as family life means a lot to a man's happiness. J.B. has lots of contacts but few good friends. People he knew way back when have dropped out of his life as he moved upward. When he hears from them he's likely to suspect (often with reason) that they want something. Socially there are two kinds of people: the somebodies and the nobodies. He sees mostly the somebodies from his own business milieu, preferably



An executive may know only two directions—up or down

those who have done better than he and are in a position to be useful. With business equals or subordinates he is cagey, shying away from entangling alliances which might interfere with his freedom to boss them or compete with them.

J.B. never thinks of this as snobishness. It's good business. But the competitive attitude he carries over into his social life makes it quite a strain, and hardly supplies the relaxing and satisfying assurance we all crave of being liked and needed for our own sake.

The ordinary person isn't very ambitious. Once he achieves a reasonable standard of living—a little higher perhaps but not much higher than his parents—he's content to coast along on the job and spend more and more of his time and energy on the things that give him his real satisfaction—his family, his hobbies, his friends.

J.B. just isn't built that way. He has to keep moving and there are

only two directions—up and down. A constant gnawing fear of failure goads him on. When he isn't climbing he feels he's slipping. The more he does the more he finds to do. Unlike the scientist, the artist or the craftsman, he can't rest on his laurels, look back with lasting satisfaction on his past accomplishments. Because his success depends on the confidence and zeal he inspires in others he cannot release his bottled-up anxieties by confessing them even to himself.

"What's there to be afraid of," says J.B., and lives in fear—of the union, of the junior executive who might supplant him, of the higher-ups who can always fire him, of competitors who might cut the ground out from under him, of customers who can always refuse to buy, of the whole economic order which might come crashing down around his ears in another depression.

Since childhood J.B. has been driven on by the feeling that he must be able to do more than the other fellow and do it faster and better. The psychiatrists have an interesting theory to explain how he got that way. They say his aggressive drive to independence and power is motivated by unconscious guilt feelings he has attached since childhood to the normal human longing to be loved and taken care of.

In any case, the high-powered executive does have this inner drive which makes it hard for him to slow down, to play, or just loaf. Dr. Henry tells of visiting a personnel director who was all excited about his approaching vacation. "What was he going to do? Well, he had it all in his desk drawer, a great, long list:

"Now at 2:53 on Tuesday I arrive in Miami. At 3:30 I am ensconced in the Hotel Dahdeeday. At 3:45 I am aboard the fishing boat and at 3:47 the captain is ready and we are under way. . . ."

Dr. Henry calls this "a built-in punishment of the executive type." Unlike the scientist and the artist, J.B. doesn't value ideas and feelings for their own sake but as springboards to action. He thinks on his feet, pacing the floor, moving his arms, jiggling loose change in his hand—in other words, acting out what is going on inside of him.

How can he get rid of all the surplus energy and aggressiveness he can't act out on the job? Without exception, doctors say the best release is play.

At the famous Menninger Sanitarium in Topeka, Kans., a study made of play habits among

patients showed that the normal or fairly well adjusted group pursued twice as many hobbies as the maladjusted. Few of us, says Dr. Carl Menninger, realize how many aggressions we get rid of harmlessly in play. In a Harvard University experiment students were given toy autos, houses and furniture, ostensibly for use in constructing diagrams for movie settings. Thirteen out of 22 students put in the center of the scene an auto accident or an arrangement for preventing one.

"In play there is no necessity for pulling punches or being hypocritical," says Dr. Menninger. "It enables us to express aggression without reality consequences. We can hurt people without really hurting them. We can kill them without really killing them."

For the executive type of personality play is not just a pastime but a life saver. For unless he takes out his aggressions in play, he eventually will take them out on himself.

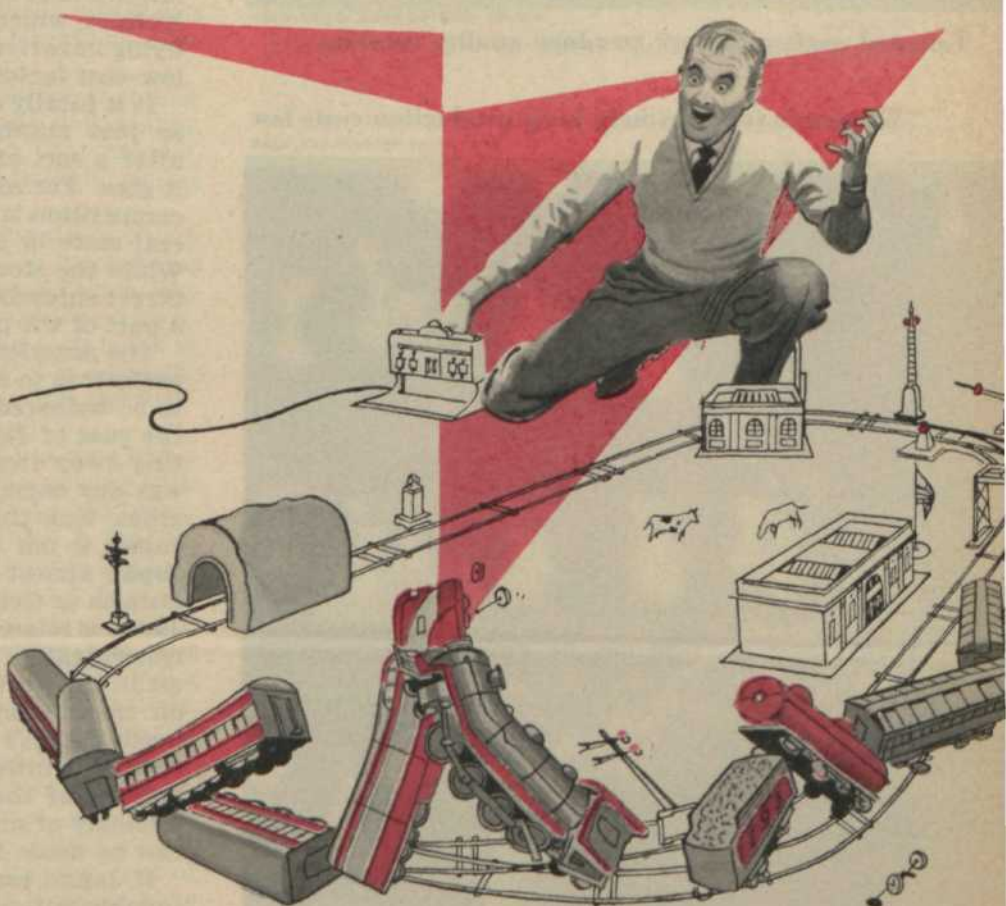
"Nine times out of ten when an executive comes to me with a physical complaint I can trace it back to emotional conflicts in his job or home life," Dr. Michael Miller, medical consultant to several large corporations, told me. "Each individual has his own pattern of

response. Some get hypertension, others low blood pressure. Some lose weight, others can't stop eating. Some become temporarily impotent, others acquire exaggerated sex appetites. The physical symptoms usually disappear when the patient gets rid of the anxieties that caused them."

A typical case was the sales manager for a nationwide distributing firm who had been with the company 20 years and never missed a day because of ill health. Now at 47 he came down with heart symptoms, skin rash, spastic colitis, and near impotence. He had difficulty sleeping and woke up tired and depressed. The symptoms were real enough but an hour of friendly talk revealed they sprang from office politics.

Following a recent merger and reorganization the patient had lost a vice presidential promotion to a rival who used his new authority to issue detailed directives which the patient was required to follow against his better judgment. This resulted in a loss of some important accounts for which the patient had to take the blame. Every effort he made to reach the president's ear was blocked by the new vice president, who quietly spread the rumor that the patient was on his way out.

(Continued on page 68)



Many is the aggression that we get rid of harmlessly in play

日本製

Japan Moves Into

TOKYO'S comeback as a trade power means riches for some of us, suffering for others. It's that or keep the dole

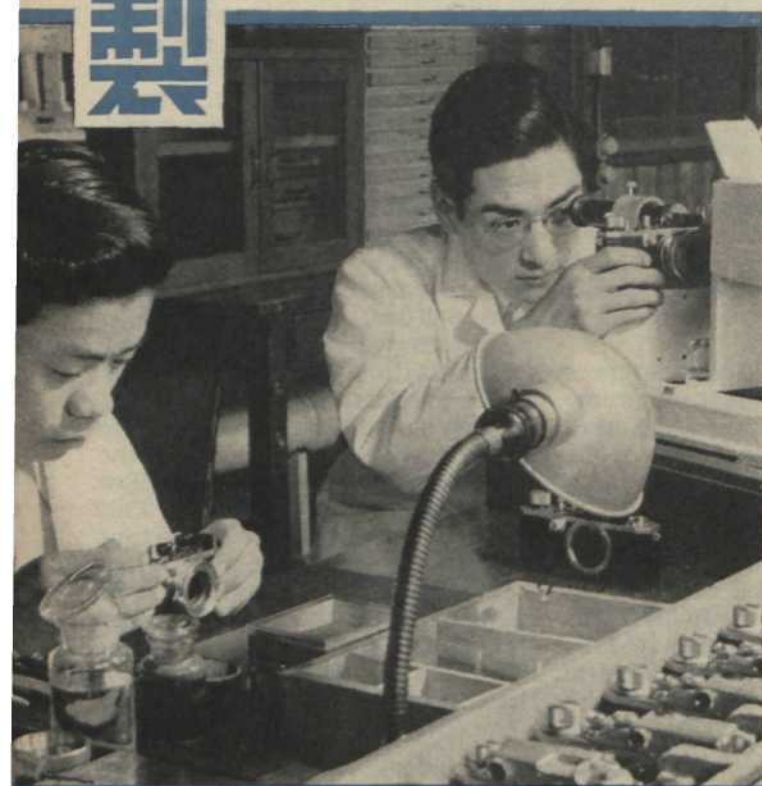
THE San Francisco peace treaty with Japan was still page-one news when thousands of American businessmen found in their mail a leaflet bearing the ideograph characters for "Nippon Sei." The text explained that these symbols stood for "the best goods possible, for the least expensive price in the world. Made in Japan." It continued with the reminder that Japan "produces cotton print goods at 11 cents a yard, light bulbs for pennies, and 1,000 other lines to underprice any market."

The origin of the leaflet was itself a reminder that what is poisonous competition for one American businessman may be the meat of expansion to another. For the leaflet came from Canadian Pacific Airlines, which hoped to win profitable business by flying importers and exporters to the world's busiest low-cost factories.

It is fatally easy for Americans to think of Japan as just another cutthroat competitor reopening after a sort of receivership. This is true as far as it goes. For some lines of business Japan's coming competition is just as direct as when a second general store in a country town reopens after a fire. While the store was rebuilding, our side of Pacific Street enjoyed all the business. However, this is only a part of the picture.

The American businessman may be pardoned for preferring to mind his own affairs and not wanting to be bothered with international politics. But, in the case of Japanese competition, there is no getting away from the high-policy overtones. Japan was our enemy while China and Russia were our allies. Now those two have become unfriendly and Japan is our ally. Geography alone would make Japan almost as important to the eastern end of Eurasia as Great Britain is to the western end. But Japan is relatively even more important, because its concentration of industrial power is the third largest in the world and (unlike Britain's) has no rival on the nearby mainland. The West desperately needs Japan's industry for two reasons of enlightened self-interest: first, obviously, to help in the defense of the West; second, to help rebuild the economy of any parts of Asia that are still free or can be made free.

If Japan cannot rebuild her economy on a reasonably self-sustaining basis, the free world (meaning the United States, mainly) will have to support



HORACE BRISTOL FROM BLACK STAR

Talented craftsmen now produce quality cameras

Women in industry help keep production costs low

EAST-WEST FROM BLACK STAR



Our Markets

By GILBERT CANT

it with doles. The only other alternative is to let Japan, through disillusion and desperation, fall into the Communist world, and for her industry to be turned against us as it was ten years ago. Nobody wants that. As for doles, the American taxpayer ponied up \$2,000,000,000 in aid to Japan between VJ-Day and the signing of the peace treaty. Nobody (not even a Japanese) wants that to go on. So there is no sensible, practical alternative to letting Japan rebuild a working economy. This brings us squarely up against the question of whether some American manufacturers will have to go to the wall to give Japan a chance to help herself, and in the long run, to help the United States as a whole.

While they were in cahoots with the militarists, Japan's industrial leaders were hell-bent for East Asian autarchy. As long as they drained raw materials from Manchuria and China proper, they could get along with relatively few American dollars. They sold us only \$165,000,000 in goods, on the average, during the last five years before the war, when fat dollars had high purchasing power. Now, unable to draw materials from the mainland of Asia, Japan must buy far more from the United States. Lately, she has had a struggle to get along with \$500,000,000 to \$900,000,000 a year in U. S. funds for the goods she must buy in dollar markets. And the Japanese standard of living today is still only 80 per cent of what it was before the war (largely because the population is 20 per cent greater).

Even to get back to where they were, the Japanese will have to boost their buying in the dollar area, perhaps to \$1,000,000,000 a year. In that process, some American businessmen will get rich and others will get hurt.

During the final stages of the occupation, only a relatively small part of Japan's dollar income has been from visible exports to the United States: the current rate is about \$250,000,000 a year. The American taxpayer has been supplying the rest, some in the form of direct aid, some indirectly in expenditures for troops in Japan, not to mention the servicemen's own free-and-easy spending.

During the Korean fighting, Japan has been earning dollars at the rate of \$350,000,000 a year by selling supplies and performing services for UN troops across the Strait of Tsushima. Under a defense pact to follow the peace treaty, the Defense Department will go on spending a lot of money over there for years to come. And the rehabilitation of Korea, to follow the end of the fighting there, will give Japan a chance to earn as much as \$50,000,000 a year without competing with American business. Even while they are tapering off, these sources of dollars for Japan will be a big help to American business in cushioning the impact of competition.

Eventually, Japan will have to earn at least \$500,000,000 a year from direct sales to the United States. Since that is less than one sixth of one per cent of the total American national product, it would have no visible effect if it could be spread evenly across



WIDE WORLD PHOTO

Housewives find Japanese china cheap, attractive

Girls also aid in Japan's economic recovery

HORACE BRISTOL FROM BLACK STAR



all lines of American economic activity. Or, if Japan's economy were entirely complementary to ours (if Japan sold us only goods like raw silk and pearls which we cannot produce, and bought only raw cotton and helium which Japan cannot produce), there would be no problem. But the facts do not fit either of these neat, theoretical solutions. The two economies overlap in many areas, and wherever they do, there is going to be friction.

The glassware industry is already having its troubles which are a fair sample of what American business can expect as a result of Japanese competition. The industry as a whole is doing well; the exception is in hand-made table, art and novelty glassware. This is where Japanese competition came in, and American glassmakers have been going to Washington about it.

"We've been at the Government for three years," says Herman Dillingham of the American Glassware Association. "We've talked to the Tariff Commission, the Commerce Department and the Army, and we've got nowhere. We know we need to build up Japan, but it's unfair to ask a few industries in the U. S. to take it on the chin so that Japan can make a complete recovery. We're not asking that Japanese goods be kept out of the country. All we ask is a tariff to equalize the low labor cost in Japan with the high cost here."

How do these wages compare? It depends on how they're figured. By simply converting the base rate from yen to dollars and cents, many observers report Japanese wages of ten cents to 15 cents an hour. Dillingham takes a more realistic view. He figures that, with fringe benefits, such as rice rations

and other allowances, the Japanese glass-blower makes the equivalent of 20 cents an hour. He also reasons that the Jap is only half as efficient, so that the labor cost is really equivalent to 40 cents an hour in the U. S.

"But that," he says, "compares with \$1.65 an hour here, and we have to pay those wages or lose our help. The Government's own figures show how hard imports have hit the handmade glassware industry. And the Government men say, 'Let their stuff come into the country and you can export your own goods.' But their own figures show that there aren't any more exports of handmade glass to speak of."

What Dillingham says is true. It is also true (which he does not emphasize) that America's exports of machine-made glass are booming. In other words, one segment of the American glass industry is taking it on the chin for the sake of the nation as a whole. A company with a diversified output of handmade and machine-made glass could make up on the swings what it loses on the roundabouts: the trouble is that most handmade glass companies are specialists, and they are really suffering.

If a still smaller subdivision of the glass industry is chosen, the example is even more horrible. Take Christmas tree ornaments. Most of them used to come from the countries which became our arch-enemies, Germany and Japan. The war left American manufacturers with no competition. But first Japan, then Germany, hit its stride. In 1949, Japan sold us \$564,000 worth; next year, Germany did as well, but Japan did still better: \$800,000 worth. Where there seems little difference in quality, American stores and American shoppers naturally buy the cheaper foreign goods, and this seems logical to everybody except the manufacturer who has put all his glass balls in one basket. He and his workmen have to make something else for a living.

A different kind of glass goes into optical goods, such as binoculars and camera lenses. The Japanese used to make plenty of poor stuff which scarcely affected American manufacturers except in the low-priced toyshop lines. During the war they learned a lot from the Germans, and under the occupation they have forged ahead so fast that they have outstripped their teachers. Many a topflight American photographer in Tokyo has discarded his German cameras and lenses because he finds the Japanese even better.

Half a dozen Japanese firms are making imitations of the German Leica. True, they often have to import shutter springs from the U. S., but practically all other parts are made cheaply in the islands. As a result, one of the better models with an *f* 1.4 lens sells in Tokyo for about \$110. It is still a full \$100 cheaper than the German prototype when it sells for about \$300 on the West coast. (For some reason, most East coast camera dealers refuse to touch Japanese products.)

The improved workmanship of the Japanese is going to be a new factor for Americans to consider. Once Japanese exports were mostly cheap goods, flimsy toys, light bulbs which burned out quickly and so on. But today's exports will be aimed at the quality and precision markets.

Binoculars are an example. A seven-power, 50 mm. Navy-type glass with coated lenses cannot be retailed for less than about \$150 if made in the United States. In Tokyo, it costs from \$23 to \$26. Because Japanese factory inspection is not as rigid as that in this country, some of the glasses are not up to American standards.

But one of the better (Continued on page 62)



EAST-WEST FROM BLACK STAR

Boy glass-blowers work for a few cents an hour

List Price: \$156

Without Horse

ED KNAPP is a man who is scared of horses and never did care for riding in a buggy. This hardly makes him unique. What does make Ed Knapp unique is that he is the owner of the last of the old buggy factories.

"I remember the day my father and I saw our first Ford auto in Cincinnati," Knapp says gently. "My father was a blacksmith, and then a buggy maker, and his will was just as strong as his right arm."

"When he saw that auto, he said: 'It'll never replace the horse and buggy.' Then he must have seen the way I was lookin' at the auto, and everybody else, too. So he looked again and went on: 'Not entirely, anyways.'"

"Well sir, sometimes I think that if he hadn't been the kind of man to back up everything he said, I might be in some other line of work today. But here I am. And the auto hasn't replaced the horse and buggy—entirely."

Knapp's Standard Vehicle Company is the last of the 800 buggy factories to survive the onslaught of the automobile. The factory is located in a soot-stained building in Lawrenceburg, Ind. In a plant where the floors slant like an old-time sailor on an old-time Saturday night, a small force of workmen, skilled in jobs that have been all but forgotten, turn out buggies at the rate of nearly one a day. The little factory, nonetheless, earns a tidy profit. Trade has been brisk this year—somewhere between a canter and a trot. But Knapp, in his horse-and-buggy business, is faced with a 1951 problem—a shortage of materials. Even with his priority, he is having trouble getting steel for wheels and blue broadcloth for backs and cushions.

During World War II, Knapp was almost forced to shut down shop because Washington thought the buggy was nonessential. Then one day he got a rush order from an oil company in Louisiana. Buggies were desperately needed there for travel over roads which were otherwise impassable for vehicles. The War Production Board took no chances that for lack of a horse and buggy the war would be lost. So they certified Knapp's business as essential, and he got materials.

Actually, Knapp is in the buggy business today for the same reason

that everybody else got out of it—because business was so bad after autos became popular. The Standard Vehicle Company was founded in 1892 by the elder Knapp. After a fire burned out their factory in Cincinnati, the Knapps moved to Lawrenceburg in 1918.

Business continued brisk for the first couple of years after they moved. It seemed even brisker in 1920, when they filled \$550,000 worth of orders. But the postwar slump hit them and their customers suddenly couldn't pay their bills. They wound up the year with a debt of \$262,000. The roads by now were filled with autos and the Knapps' creditors assumed they would simply go into bankruptcy. But they announced they would keep the factory going and pay off the debt.

Year after year, whatever profits there were went to pay off the debt. They were still working on it in 1937 when the Ohio River flooded the plant. But the Knapps bailed the place out and went back to work.

Ed Knapp's father died in 1939, and still the debt was not paid. More years went by and finally the obligation was met.

About this time, the buggy business felt the surge of the war boom. In 1942, Ed found himself gazing with mixed emotions at orders that

totaled more than \$250,000—only a part of which he could hope to fill.

The buggy boom reached its high point in 1946, with orders coming in from all parts of the country. Business this year, while not as good as 1946, will be better than last, so Ed is not grumbling.

One of his big sellers is the Blue Grass Special, a one seat runabout which is listed at \$156, F.O.B.—and there's no federal tax. Other popular models are Our Dixie Buggy, Our Mail Route Buggy and the Oil Wagon. Knapp also makes show ring buggies and pony carts and occasionally some special job.

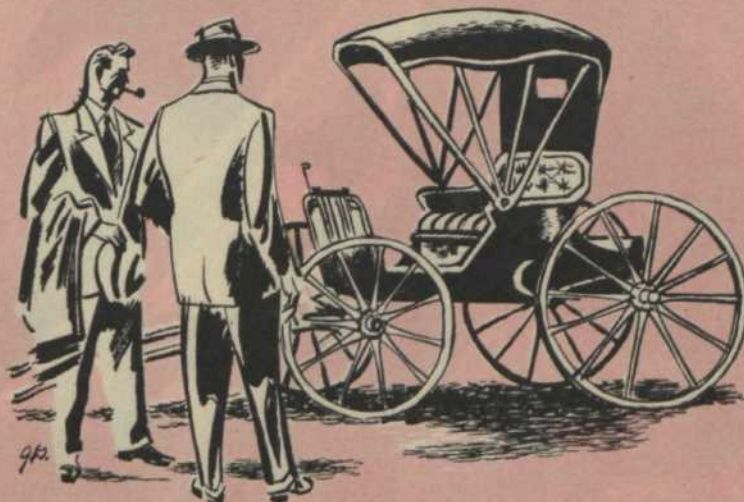
He keeps no models in stock, but builds each buggy as the order comes in. It takes about ten days to turn out a buggy.

Knapp, 66 years old, is not inclined to be a wild-eyed optimist after spending 50 years in the buggy business. But he thinks there'll always be a buggy factory and, as long as he lives, he expects to be running it.

"I don't know what a lot of folks would have done for transportation if we hadn't still been in business," Knapp says.

This isn't one of his personal problems, however. For a long time now, he's been driving an automobile. He's always liked cars—since the day he and his father first saw one.

—ALFRED TOOMBS





OUT OF THIS WORLD

By STANLEY FRANK

The science fiction fan's idea of fun is to pick up his slide rule and then make a monkey out of some author

THE COURSE of World War II, and with it the civilization we know, trembled for an agonized moment in March, 1944. The most carefully guarded secret in history had been breached. The technique for firing an atomic bomb was described with terrifying accuracy by Cleve Cartmill, a Los Angeles newspaperman, in "Deadline," a story appearing in *Astounding Science Fiction*, a magazine little known to the public. The principles of atomic power had been known for 40 years, but the method of controlling an explosion of fissionable materials stumped the best scientific minds in the world.

American and British physicists were beginning to crack the problem, but they still were more than a year away from the solution. The Germans were working feverishly on an atomic project. If a security leak had suggested the answer to a free-lance writer, the enemy could have exploited the same source. And if the enemy got the bomb first. . . .

Military Intelligence operatives bore down simultaneously on Cartmill's home in Los Angeles and the magazine's office in New York. The West Coast agents feared the worst when they learned that several junior physicists assigned to the Manhattan Project at Los Alamos were Cartmill's neighbors. When questioned, Cartmill told a story almost too plausible to be true. In the climax of the yarn he had written, the hero disarmed an atomic bomb planted in a vital installation by the villain. Cartmill, not knowing how the bomb was detonated, simply wrote to John W. Campbell, Jr., editor of *Astounding*

Science Fiction, asking for a description of the trigger mechanism. He had Campbell's answer in his files.

In New York, intelligence agents were hearing a stranger story from Campbell, an owl-like young man of 33. Campbell admitted he sent the dope to Cartmill. Where did he get it? He produced the June 15, 1940, issue of *Physical Review*, a scientific journal in which atomic bombs were discussed. By integrating the facts, he had reached a logical conclusion for setting off an atomic explosion. And what made him so all-fired smart? Campbell showed the degree in nuclear physics he received in 1933 from Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Anyone, he added casually, could have done the same thing with the proper scientific background.



John W. Campbell, editor, believes in taking the long view of things

The situation was too grim to withhold any longer the trump card the intelligence people should have known Campbell had up his sleeve. The Army had given him official permission to publish information on atomic energy during the war. Why was his little magazine given special dispensation denied other periodicals far more influential? The answer to that one was easy. Stories on atomic energy had been the stock-in-trade of his book for 15 years. To have stopped running such stories, read by physicists and technicians throughout the world, would have been as much of a tip-off that something was in the works as it would have been if all newspapers and trade journals in America had started printing government releases on the atomic bomb.

It wasn't the first—nor will it be the last—time that branch of literature called science fiction foretold the shape of things to come. Every major invention and revolutionary concept of the past 350 years has been anticipated by decades, even centuries, by writers projecting their soaring imaginations through time and space.

In 1641, Bishop John Wilkins predicted the airplane, the phonograph and the telegraph. Jules Verne described television and sound movies in "The Castle in the Carpathians." Robots, guided missiles and the schnorkel submarine were such old chestnuts 30 years ago that a self-respecting science fictioneer didn't use them any more than a whodunit specialist today would dream of killing the victim with a hatchet.

There is an important difference

between science fiction and fantastic, supernatural stories which should be clarified at the outset. Science fiction is predicated, entirely and strictly, on established physical laws governing the universe. In fantasy, the author calls his shots as he jolly well pleases and has his characters and conditions assume any form that best suits his purposes.

If his Man from Mars is an eight-foot zombie with green hair and an Oxford accent, the readers will go along with him. Science fiction addicts will give the sole of the foot to such whimsy. First of all, meteorological conditions on other planets will not support life as we know it. The Martian may be a slithering Thing—it slithers because the pull of gravity on Earth is three times greater than it is on Mars—and it may converse with earthlings, but the author must explain how communication is made, with an etymological analysis of the language.

"There's one more significant difference between fantasy and science fiction," Campbell says. "The science fiction writer must believe his story at the moment. No tongue in cheek stuff. He must believe it himself to convince the reader that his yarn is possible, if not probable."

Cynics who dismiss all this as childish nonsense are brought up short when they are told of the audience for such yarns. Dr. Albert Einstein and Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, head of the atomic laboratory at Los Alamos during the war, are avid fans. So are Dr. Hermann J. Muller, winner of the Nobel Prize in medicine in 1946 for his study of mutations; Fred Schuman, professor of political science at Williams; John R. Pierce, senior research specialist of the Bell Laboratory, who developed the magnetron, the tube that generates radar waves; R. S. Richardson of the Mt. Wilson Observatory. Pierce and Richardson, who writes under the name of Philip Lathan, frequently contribute stories to magazines.

A science fiction fan's idea of a barrel of fun is to curl up with a slide rule and try to catch the author in an error of calculation. Ron Hubbard—the dianetics man—recently wrote a piece, "To the Stars," describing the journey of a space ship traveling through the firmament at the speed of light. Using Einstein's law of relativity, Hubbard attempted to demonstrate that the trip, which took

only six weeks, actually lasted 75 years as time is measured on Earth. When the passengers returned, there were the usual Rip Van Winkle complications such as finding friends long since dead and sweethearts turned into decrepit old ladies.

The incidents in the plot were accepted by all readers, but hundreds of letters were received taking issue with Hubbard's scientific thesis. Physicists argued the propriety of applying the laws of relativity to a specific situation. Mathematicians checked Hubbard's time lapses to the various galaxies. Engineers drew blueprints testing the specifications and fuel capacity of the space ship. In the confusion, everyone had a wonderful time.

The popular interest in science fiction that is burgeoning today



dates from Aug. 6, 1945—the day the atom bomb was dropped on Hiroshima, fulfilling the prophecies made long before U-235 became as familiar to everyone as his home address. There are 20 monthly magazines in the field with a combined circulation of 1,500,000. Sales of anthologies have increased fivefold in the past six years. Mass media beamed to every intelligence level are turning out the stuff to satisfy the demand for extraterrestrial adventures that are challenging detective stories, Westerns and action thrillers as escapist entertainment.

On the juvenile level, there are comic strips (Buck Rogers, Superman, Alley Oop) and television

programs (Captain Video, Space Cadets). A few cuts above them are pulp magazines and such movies as "The Thing," "Destination Moon" and "When Worlds Collide." Then comes a sharp ascent through quality magazines and books until the visionary exercises approach the stratosphere of the mind. On this rarefied level the works of modern masters such as Robert A. Heinlein, Stanley G. Weinbaum, A. E. Van Vogt, Philip Wylie and Will F. Jenkins—whose pseudonym is Murray Leinster—are compounded mainly of philosophy with a sugar-coating of fiction.

Campbell contends that an I.Q. of 130 is needed to understand the concepts advanced in the better science fiction. He's laying it on with a trowel, of course, but there is no question that the boys often throw tricky curve balls that are not easy to catch barehanded. George Orwell's "1984," a tremendously effective, and depressing, glimpse of the future in a totalitarian society, is science fiction in the classic tradition.

Man always has been fascinated by the mysterious, unfathomable universe and awed by the immutable patterns that govern his destiny. Many renowned writers—Balzac, de Maupassant, Kipling, Bierce, E. M. Foster—have tried to unlock the riddle by hitching their imaginations to the stars. Jules Verne and H. G. Wells often are called the fathers of science fiction. They were its popularizers, but they got into the field long after it was recognized as an old and respectable literary form.

In the second century A.D., Lucian of Samosata described two trips to the moon with a nice regard for known scientific data. Sir Francis Bacon, celebrated as the most learned man of his time, wrote in 1622 his most famous work, "The New Atlantis," in which he suggested a research university that would function as the ruling body of a superstate and gradually eliminate national sovereignty.

Bacon's university was, in essence, a combination of the United Nations, World Court and international atomic energy commission we still are trying to make work. Edmond Rostand's play, "Cyrano de Bergerac," written in 1895, was more a biographical study than a romantic creation. Cyrano, who flourished in Paris in

(Continued on page 80)



GASTON G. VUARCHEX

We're Using the Socialist Soapbox

By **CHARLES P. McCORMICK**

President, McCormick & Company, Inc.



THE U.S. showed only passing interest in the ILO until it went statist. Then we began to act

IN THE wake of World War I, the nations of the world set up the International Labor Organization, dedicated to raising the living standards of people everywhere.

Today, after 32 years of issuing resolutions, recommendations and drafts of treaties, the ILO has yet to show genuine admiration for the way of life which has given America's 150,000,000 citizens the highest standard of living the world has ever known.

It would be reasonable to suppose that an international body devoted to lifting living standards would inquire as to how the U.S.A. attained a level in which 94 out of

every 100 households have electricity, in which there is one automobile for every four citizens—compared to one in 20 for Great Britain, one in 25 for France.

It would be logical to assume that such an international assembly would investigate why a British factory hand must work nearly two and a half times as long as the American industrial employee to earn enough wages to buy a quart of milk; nearly three times as long to buy a pound of sugar; nearly four times as long to buy a pound of chicken. And how it is that the American citizen is the best fed in the world.

Now, even a brief examination of the American approach to a high standard of living would disclose that its success formula is based on three simple factors: free competitive enterprise; increasing productivity; and a sharing of benefits from increased production among employers, workers, and the public.

It's apparent, however, that the International Labor Organization in three decades has never really bothered to follow closely the American way. Instead, the ILO has, particularly lately, taken off in the direction of state ownership of enterprise, state control of productivity, and let-the-government-do-it-ism.

Ordinarily, we in the U.S.A. could ignore the ILO and its socialistic course—as we have until recently—and go our own way. Ordinarily, we could be satisfied with

the knowledge that our way is a good way, and let it go at that. But these are no ordinary times!

The United States is partially engaged in an increasingly hot, increasingly global, war with Communist Russia. It is no longer enough for us to take the *defensive* against Communism. For Americans, the time has come to take the *offensive* for the American way.

The International Labor Organization, with 64 member nations, most of them anti-Communist or non-Communist, offers the United States an opportune platform for "selling" the American way to our potential allies—and with it a higher standard of living, itself a bulwark against Communism.

It is true that, for virtually three decades, the ILO has greatly ignored the American formula; but it is also true that the U.S.A. made no attempt to "sell" its way of life. As a nation, we're only now beginning to recognize what every successful businessman knows—that it takes a positive program of merchandising to sell even the best of products. The ILO offers us an international show window to display and "sell" our American product.

The ILO is a unique assembly. Its constitution was written into the Versailles Treaty in response to world labor's demand for a voice in the peace that was to follow the first world war. Its mission was to further the cause of world peace through social justice. The ILO differs from other councils of nations in that it has a tripartite structure. Each participating nation has four delegates, two representing government, one labor, and one industry. The idea was to get government, employees, and employers working on a unified program to advance the standard of living.

However, since the end of World War II, with the rise of the political fortunes of the Labor Party and similar pro-labor, pro-socialist political organizations in Europe and Asia, the tripartite character of the ILO has progressively diminished.

The votes of the government delegates have usually been allied with the votes of the worker delegates thus in effect giving labor a three to one majority on virtually all major issues. On some of the ILO's special committees even the management delegate has had the labor view because he represented an industry—like coal or iron in Great Britain—that had been nationalized and whose management

was then under direct government control.

The United States, though helping to create it, did not join the ILO until 1934, shortly after the beginning of the New Deal. Since then, however, our participation in the ILO has been for the most part—until recently—an American Federation of Labor show, and not at all a tripartite venture.

The AFL has selected the American labor delegate from the beginning, and has stopped several attempts by the rival Congress of Industrial Organizations to break through this monopoly. And unorganized labor has no voice at all. Working with a cooperative United States Labor Department, the AFL has been influential in the choice of the two annual government delegates to the ILO.

The American delegates and their advisers for the most part took a patronizing air toward the programs proposed at the annual ILO conference, inasmuch as the United States already had working and living standards far exceeding levels elsewhere in the world.

Most of the time, the ILO conferences and the year-long activities of the permanent secretariat, called the International Labor Office, were directed by the socialist-inclined labor leaders of western Europe, with deference paid now and then to the mild desires of the AFL-American worker delegate.

It should be noted that shortly after World War II, the AFL-worker delegate jumped out of his usual avuncular role and took the leadership in smashing down a Communist attempt to seize control of the ILO, just as the Red labor leaders had taken over the World Federation of Trade Unions, which is now openly committed to sabotaging the western world's rearmament program. Defeat of the Commies in the ILO was a severe propaganda setback for the Kremlin, which since the end of the second world war has dominated a large part of organized world labor.

American employers, however, showed only a passing interest in the ILO, until three years ago when some leaders of business and industry began to take stock of the situation.

These men—who later formed a joint committee of the United States Chamber of Commerce and the National Association of Manu-

facturers—discovered that the ILO was no longer simply a standard-bearer for the smaller, underdeveloped nations. It had emerged as a gushing fountain of statist social and economic schemes, which aimed at higher living standards through more and more government decree rather than by more and more production.

The ILO had become, the joint committee found, a splendid propaganda device for socialist gospel. Some of the industrial leaders who studied the ILO felt, and still feel, that, under certain circumstances, the socialist-dominated ILO could jam some of its programs down the throat of the United States.



This threat is based on the fact that an ILO convention, like any other treaty, becomes the supreme law of the United States once the Senate ratifies it. Some management people fear that a repetition of the first 100 days of the New Deal might bring about a situation in which a vote-conscious pro-labor Administration might seek to bypass an unsympathetic Supreme Court with an ILO convention. Some New Deal thinkers actually contemplated such a desperate resort.

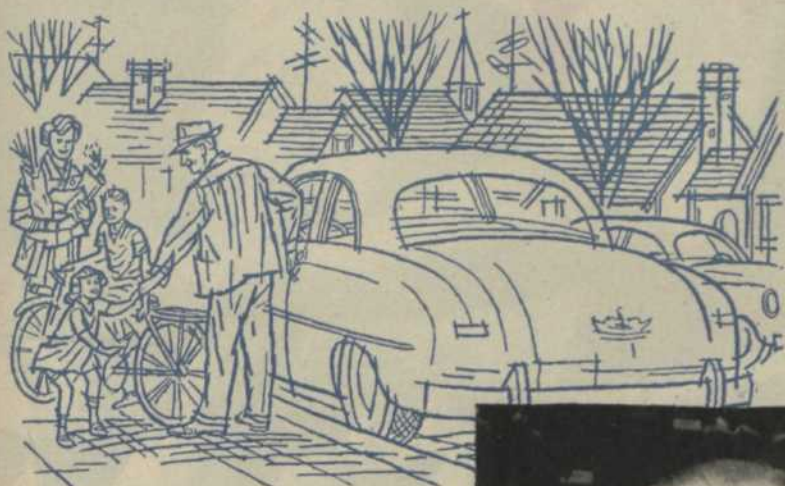
What concerns many freedom-loving Americans more than this possible hazard, however, is the actual danger that the ILO is being used to propagandize, on a worldwide basis, ideas which sneer at competitive free enterprise and glorify statism and nationalization schemes.

Only recently a United Mine Workers delegation, returning from a meeting of the ILO Coal Mines Committee, reported back to John L. Lewis' union that one of the underlying weaknesses of Europe is the complex of the unions there "that everything has to be done by the government." This complex all too often, it seems to us, transforms the ILO into a global soapbox for



URS G. ARNI

American delegates, reading from left to right, include: Charles P. McCormick for employers; George P. Delaney for labor, and Sen. James E. Murray and Philip M. Kaiser for the Government



doctrines hostile to the American way.

The ILO, for example, has adopted a convention which guarantees an individual's right to join a union but does not guarantee a similar right NOT to join a union. Freedom of association, in the American way, is not a one-way street. Freedom carries with it the right not to join, be it church, lodge, or union. In the U.S.A. the great majority of labor and of management do not belong to unions or associations.

Again, the let-the-state-do-it leadership of the ILO in 1950 steamrollered through a "Resolution on Action against Unemployment" — a 250-page document which the employer delegates barely had time to read, let alone digest, and which our experts believe is a pattern for the regimented state. Bill Barton, an American employer adviser, noted at the conference that one provision of the proposal called on the Government to pay particular attention to achieving a balance of investment, consumption, and leisure.

"I do not want any government planner controlling, or even suggesting, how I am to use my leisure



URS G. ARNI

Charles P. McCormick

time," Barton declared. "Likewise, I believe no American would stand for being told what to do with his off-the-job hours."

The ILO, further, has little sympathy for our American free, competitive, economic way of life. Two years ago, an Asian worker delegate declared on the conference floor with refreshing frankness, that the ILO had no use for capitalism, and would work for its

eradication. One man's speech might be dismissed as bombast, but there have been indications the speech was more than an empty threat.

A recently proposed convention of the ILO would have abolished private employment agencies. An upcoming convention on social security—a wide-sweeping proposal covering the individual citizen from cradle to grave with government-bestowed benefits—is aimed, in the opinion of our experts, at the destruction of private insurance companies. Incidentally, in debating this proposal, American employers have been asking: "Where is the money coming from to pay for the benefits?" That is a hard question for the underdeveloped, overpopulated countries to answer. It's high time the delegates considered "Where is the money—and taxes—coming from, before we tackle new, big schemes?"

The ILO has ignored the fact that under the American voluntary system of private insurance the gainfully employed have more life insurance than the total of the rest of the world. Our system might have to be abandoned under the terms of the ILO proposal.

At this point you are probably asking: "If the ILO is hostile to American free competitive enterprise, and if management is con-

(Continued on page 78)



He was on his hands and knees on the floor when he heard the cough behind him.

Battle of the **TETRAHEDRONS**

By BILL GULICK

NATION'S BUSINESS SHORT STORY OF THE MONTH



He looked up. In the doorway stood Colonel Brock. With him was the reporterish-looking lady

CHARLEY ADAMS had finished his hot cakes and was halfway through the morning paper and his second cup of coffee when his wife, Amy, said meaningfully, "We're over again."

Charley tried not to look concerned. "Over what, dear?"

"Over what, he says!" son Willie jeered from across the table. "The budget, of course!"

Charley Adams had a Massachusetts Institute of Technology degree in hydraulics, a GS-12 rating as a civilian engineer attached to the Army Engineers, and a reputation for doing his job—which at the moment happened to be building a \$250,000,000 dam. The thing he did not have was the respect of his own son.

"You're speaking to your father, William. If you can't speak respectfully—"

"I just meant you were stalling 'cause you don't like these budget hassles."

"They're not hassles. They're sane, reasonable discussions of finance between your mother and me. In these days of increasing living costs when a family is trying to exist on a fixed income—"

Willie winked at his mother. "He makes a mean speech, don't he, mom? Anything for the old stalleroo."

"You've put it in a nutshell, Willie," Amy said.

With a sudden disconcerting change of pace she smiled.

"We're not badly over, really."

"How much are we over?" Charley said warily.

"Ten dollars. It isn't much; still—"

"A budget is a budget, as I've so often said. Which account is over—groceries?"

"Oh, no, the groceries account is fine."

"Well, if it's just your personal spending—"

"I'm two dollars under for the month."

"Willie?" he said hopefully. "He's gone over his allowance?"

Willie smirked. Amy shook her head. "It isn't Willie. It's you."

"Ha!" Willie said.

"Me?" Charley said. "Again?"

"You," Amy said. "This month, last month, the month before. Not that I mean to nag, but after all it was your idea. You said—"

What he had said, casually, was that a household should be run the same way a big construction job was run. So much for this, so much for that.

Amy had admitted he was right. But of course, she'd said, he was used to dealing with such big figures that he wouldn't want to fool with a little old measly household budget. . . .

The trap had been laid quite cleverly, he now

realized. And guess who had stuck his big foot right in the middle of it?

A horn bleeped in front of the house.

"That's my ride!" Willie said, jumping up from the table. Charley looked at his watch and rose.

"Gotta go. This budget thing—well, I'll quit smoking. I'll give up golf—been shanking my irons anyway. I'll—"

"You'll do nothing of the sort," Amy said firmly. "You just made a mistake and shorted yourself when you figured the budget, that's all. We'll take ten dollars a month out of the fund we were saving to buy a house and give it to you. Then when Colonel Brock puts your raise through, we'll make it up to the house fund. Okay?"

"No. In the first place I did not make a mistake. In the second place if I did I'll just have to suffer for it. In the third place—"

The phone rang to cut short the third place. He kissed his wife, told her they'd resume this discussion later and headed out of the house.

He thought about the third place during the hour it took to drive to the dam site. In his line of work promotions and their accompanying raises never were distributed with abandon, but in the ordinary course of time and events a man who did



Willie picked up the scissors, cut out a section

his work competently, whose efficiency rating showed the requisite number of points, could expect a little more money now and then. Judgment Day was due shortly. All Col. Jonathan Brock would have to do would be sign form number so-and-so, and fate and/or Uncle Sam's Treasury would do the rest.

The trouble was, Colonel Brock of late had given Charley the impression of a man suffering from a bad case of hardening of the heart. In his inimicable way, the colonel had let it be known that before he'd put any man in for a raise, that so-and-so man would so-and-so well deserve it.

The highway topped a hill, slashed through a deep

cut and the river appeared far below, making its majestic bend to the west through frowning lava cliffs. Charley fished a cigaret out of a pack, started to light it, then remembered he had stopped smoking and threw the cigaret away unlit. As an afterthought, he threw the whole pack away, and went to brooding about the colonel again.

In a way, you couldn't blame the old guy for getting his back up. Beating a river like the Columbia was a tough enough job in itself. Add to the stream's toughness the knotty problems of keeping boat traffic moving, the trains going on either shore, the fish alive, and you had the makings of a hatful of headaches.

Funny thing, but the colonel had lost the enthusiasm he'd once had for salmon fishing. Not a move on the dam could be made without fish welfare being considered. Fish ladders. Fish elevators. Buckets to lift fish too stupid to find the elevator or too lazy to climb the ladders. Dip nets to scoop up stray fish that made prodigious leaps over protecting screens to get into corners they had no business being in.

"I feel," the colonel had said one day, "like a so-and-so bellboy in a hotel for fish." He hadn't gone fishing since.

Yes, Colonel Brock had lots on his mind. So forget the raise until the river closure is made and the colonel's blood pressure goes down. Forget it and see what's to be done about this budget nonsense.

Amy said it was silly to apply a \$1,000,000 engineering mind to some little detail which would end up in his saving a nickel a day. Well, Amy was wrong. It was the little things that became big things.

The weekly conference was held in Colonel Brock's office at 11 o'clock. One by one engineers McCall, Parker, Gerber and himself gave the colonel the reports, facts and figures he wanted while the colonel listened with a look of profound skepticism in his cold blue eyes. The colonel had the reputation of being a man you could talk to. Yes, you could talk to him so long as you backed up every statement with solid facts and figures, granite-based engineering theory, and proof that you had tested by detailed experiment every step of whatever gimmick you were trying to sell him.

When all of the reports had been discussed and disposed of, Colonel Brock was silent a moment, gazing out toward where the river and dam were fighting it out.

"Gentlemen," he said at last, "it's time we were making our final plans for the river closure. We'll discuss it in detail at this same time next week. One other thing. I've been informed that Senator Hunt will pay us a visit shortly. For the senator's benefit please try to look like you're earning your money. That's all."

Charley went to lunch with Lewis McCall and ordered lunch No. 1, not bothering to notice what it was. Turning the menu over, he started drawing on it with a pencil.

"Senator Hunt is that one who's been raising so much hell in Congress about economy," McCall said.

"Is he?" Charley said absently. "That's nice."

Here was the river. In the beginning they had built a coffer dam out from the north shore, enclosing the area where they wanted to work. They had pumped the water out of the enclosure and built a navigation lock, fish ladder and one set of spillways, leaving the other half of the channel open for the river. Okay, that much was done.

"Coffee, tea or milk?" (Continued on page 72)

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Broadway on Main Street

By MORTON M. HUNT

ANY community now can bring back live theater, thanks to a little known group called ANTA

FOR SOME time now, it has looked as though your grandchildren might never see a live play or musical. This isn't an exaggeration. One generation ago, Broadway boasted 75 active playhouses and 224 productions a year. Nowadays it has about 30 legitimate playhouses and 70 shows a year. Broadway shows on tour have dwindled from 70 a year to about 30, and resident professional companies outside New York, once numbering many hundreds, now total about half a dozen. Movies, radio and TV have been making the stage look like a prime contender for space in the museums and history books.

But now the unequal battle is being evened up. For the first time, there exists a nonprofit, congressionally chartered group whose sole aim is to restore health to the American theater—with as much emphasis west of the Hudson as on Broadway itself. If ANTA—the American National Theater and Academy, as this group is called—does its job well, you'll soon be able to drive from coast to coast and see a good live performance of a play in every city where you stop. For, with ANTA's help, any community can now bring live theater back.

A lot of people in Springfield, Ohio, from manufacturers to truckdrivers, would be glad to tell you how ANTA has kept the theater from dying. Springfield, off the route of touring Broadway shows, has many citizens of all classes who like live theater; they've provided it by running a community theater since 1920. It consists of a rented rehearsal studio (performances are in the high school auditorium), a salaried professional director and a large group of citizens ranging from an elderly judge to an eight-year-old red-haired imp who spend their after-work hours in unpaid rehearsing, scenery-building, ticket-selling and performing. They achieve a surprisingly high level of artistry, and they keep the delight of play-going alive in Springfield.

But two years ago, after 20 years of activity,

The Russells knee deep in a wardrobe problem

CHARLES A. THOMAS

ANTA's staff is small, but its efforts large

GUY GILLETTE





Now he can't steal (or pay you back!)

EMBEZZLEMENT—and that includes a lot of fancy juggling of the books as well as plenty of just plain stealing of money and goods—costs American business at least \$500,000,000 a year.

Many of these dishonest employees are caught, of course. But snapping a handcuff on a guilty wrist doesn't mean recovery of a dishonesty loss.

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Springfield's theater was dying. The productions were amateurish, the public was staying away, the regular membership had shrunk from 2,000 to 600, and the theater owed several thousand dollars. Fifty unhappy people met in the studio one spring night in 1950 to decide what to do.

"What we need," said a husky, strong-voiced grocer, "is a director with new ideas—artistic and business ideas."

"Great," said an engineer. "All we want is a guy with Broadway experience, talent, business sense, and tact. That's all. Well, how do you find such a combination?"

Then the Springfield group heard from charter member Rupert Englefield, a Springfield theater-lover and part-time character ac-

tor. From nine a.m. to five p.m., Englefield was an auditor at a printing plant. While on a business trip to New York, he dropped in at the ANTA offices and told a sympathetic young woman about his town's problem. After he left, she searched the files and came up with three dozen qualified men.

Two businessmen and two club-women in Springfield acted as a committee to screen the names through correspondence and interview. Finally, they found Walter Russell, a short, slender, balding man of 38, with a disarmingly mild manner that conceals a torrent of energy. He had all the qualities they wanted—and best of all, his wife happened to be an expert on theater costuming.

Russell moved his family from

the University of Indiana, where he had been teaching, and spent endless hours planning what to do with his new theater. Soon he started rehearsing his unpaid amateurs ferociously—four nights a week for five weeks, before each four-night run of a play. Within the first two productions, it was obvious that, artistically, Springfield was on its way back. Russell also had some sound ideas for spreading out fixed costs, such as adding a seventh production to the winter season, and throwing in a couple of summer outdoor shows.

More than this, he and the board of directors borrowed a batch of fresh business ideas from brochures which ANTA sent them. They offered Springfielders season memberships for \$2—with the accompanying privilege of buying theater tickets at savings up to 45 per cent of the regular box office price. These \$2 fees give Russell the nucleus of his annual budget, and although tickets are sold at lower prices, the auditorium tends to be a lot fuller—which gladdens the hearts of the part-time actors and actresses immeasurably.

Other ideas include the selling of blocks of tickets to club groups which want to run their own benefit nights, information on how best to form working committees, advice on publicity and promotion, and so on. The ideas are paying off: memberships have climbed back up to 1,600, and the inherited debt is three fourths paid off.

Russell also wanted to start a children's theater.

"Here are a batch of articles and other stuff from ANTA about children's theater," he told the board of directors. "They explain how such a thing will build a nucleus of future theater-lovers. Also, the value it has in speech and deportment. And it's another way to spread our fixed costs."

The board told Russell to go ahead.

Several times last year Russell wanted to put on certain plays but didn't know the name and address of the agent who holds the rights of production. Unaccountably, there never has been any one place to which an out-of-towner could write to get this information. When you're a long way from New York, it becomes a major problem. ANTA saved Russell many weeks of troublesome, and possibly fruitless, correspondence. It not only located the agent in each case, it even wangled rock-bottom royalty fees because of his theater's small size and nonprofit nature.

At a recent performance, Russell



Ezra Stone directed a University of Virginia show

Help given to Dallas at a critical time kept that theater alive

SQUIRE HOSKINS



was buzzing around backstage, supervising. On stage, in Hart and Kaufman's comedy, "George Washington Slept Here," a Springfield woman radio commentator was playing the role of the harried housewife; the former mayor of Springfield was enacting her husband; a local laundry foreman was acting the hired hand; a juvenile court judge was the free-loading elderly uncle; out front, the country sheriff, guns on hip, was guarding the till, and a mechanical engineer was taking care of late arrivals at the box office. Best of all, a comfortably large audience of 450 was sitting out front.

ANTA is itself only a struggling young operation. Although its stationery glitters with names such as Helen Hayes, Moss Hart, Cheryl Crawford and Raymond Massey, in actuality ANTA consists day-to-day of about 30 hard-working, devoted people, and several floors of rather seedy-looking offices in a Broadway theater building.

The threadbare rugs and plain furniture, however, mean only that ANTA isn't spending its money on flim-flam, but on projects that will give the theater a real hypodermic. Because of this purpose, it commands the loyalty of Broadway's greatest—even when loyalty hurts the pocketbook. Melvyn Douglas, Judith Anderson, and a score of other luminaries have played leading roles on Broadway in ANTA productions at \$75 a week, which is something of a come-down from their more usual \$750 or \$1,000. Among ANTA's advisers and free workers are set designer Jo Mielziner, opera star Lawrence Tibbett, producer Gilbert Miller, real estate magnate Roger Stevens, and a hundred other notables.

The idea started in Philadelphia back in the '30's. Conductor Leopold Stokowski and a handful of people with names like Whitney, Du Pont and Morgan campaigned for an organization to build up the American theater. In 1935 Congress granted them a charter similar to those it has given the Red Cross and the Smithsonian Institution. But, because ANTA might have competed with the Federal Theater project then getting active, the directors let it lie dormant. When Federal Theater closed, war clouds were looming; again ANTA stayed dormant.

Finally, in 1946, Broadway producer Vinton Freedley and advertising man Col. C. Lawton Campbell dusted off the charter, rented an office, and activated ANTA. Almost immediately, support and financial help poured in from

The hard, cold facts about Pittsburgh's hot furnaces!

Pittsburgh's great steel industry needed an instrument to measure air infiltration, to check air requirement and fuel-air ratio controls in open-hearth furnaces . . . an instrument to check the stoves in which blast-furnace air is heated . . . to check precise atmospheres in soaking pits . . . to control fuel waste and precise atmospheres in processing furnaces.

THE CITIES SERVICE HEAT PROVER WAS THE ANSWER . . . and it received the stamp of approval from engineers in 47 mills in and around Pittsburgh!

Cities Service Heat Provers . . . not an instrument you buy, but a service we supply . . . helped to boost furnace productivity in the Pittsburgh Area through these five unique advantages:

1. Rapid continuous sampling.
2. Simultaneous reading of oxygen and combustibles.
3. Direct measurement of oxygen and combustibles.
4. Easy portability.
5. No maintenance; no re-calibration.

These points begin to tell you why Cities Service Heat Prover analyses are just as much favored in glass, ceramics, steam generation and other fields as in the great Pittsburgh steel area. For the full story as it applies to you, write CITIES SERVICE OIL COMPANY, Dept. C7, Sixty Wall Tower, New York City 5.



**47 PLANTS
OKAY THE
HEAT
PROVER**



Broadway angels, stars and the unions (in amounts up to \$50,000 at a time), while community theaters in small towns pitched in their \$10 and \$25 gifts and membership fees. Today, ANTA owns its own theater building on Broadway, has more than 900 individual subscribing members, some 60 life members (who have given \$1,000 or more, each), and 165 affiliated theater groups throughout the country.

To help the cause of drama, ANTA first of all serves as an information center on all things theatrical—a service that never before existed. A typical morning's mail on the desk of pretty, blue-eyed Louisette Roser, the No. 1 information girl, includes, for instance, a query from Kentucky on the costs and types of stage lights; a letter from Kansas asking which female stars could do a certain tragedy role best, and what their prices would be for a one-week run; another from a would-be director of a new summer theater, asking how much competition he'd find in Utah or Colorado.

A few weeks ago the Little Theater in Lubbock, Texas, wrote in to say that they'd like to build an auditorium—one that could be enlarged, bit by bit, as they accumulate more money in the future. What could ANTA tell them about such an unorthodox plan? Louisette Roser did some high class beg-

ging on the phone, and was able shortly to mail them two complete blueprints for just such a building, one by set designer Ralph Alswang and one by theater architect J. Fredrick Larson. If Lubbock decides to go ahead, it will be able to use the plans free, thanks to ANTA.

A number of cities which are planning new playhouses have sent their blueprints for ANTA's comment and advice. Jo Mielziner (perhaps Broadway's top set designer), Wallace K. Harrison (chief architect of the UN buildings), and others studied a recent set from a West Coast city. They told ANTA that the proposed building was hopelessly short on space for scenery and off-stage activities; as a theater, it would be nearly useless. The community in question will have to spend more money, as a result—but will save its money, in the long run.

Half a dozen diligent scholars in the ANTA offices have dug out information and compiled brochures on a score of other vital theater topics — information practically impossible to get for almost all directors of theaters outside New York City. (These theaters, incidentally, include about half a dozen professional companies with paid staffs of actors and technical people, another dozen which are hybrids, a few hundred summer theaters, and several thousand

community and college theaters similar to the one in Springfield.)

Whatever a local theater committee needs to know, it can find it in these brochures; how to run its business transactions better; how to peddle tickets; how to design lighting systems and period costumes. It can get play catalogs, and a directory of all theaters in the U. S. which use arena staging ("theater-in-the-round"). It can get a comparative breakdown of costs for putting on a straight play on Broadway (\$65,000), in summer stock (\$5,000), and in other kinds of theaters down to a college workshop (\$900). All in all, ANTA last year sent out about 80,000 copies of such pieces of information.

"It's pickax and shovel work," says Margo Jones, fiery director of Theater '52, a highly successful professional group in Dallas. "But if you add up these hundreds of little things ANTA does, the total effect on theater is terrific."

But American theater will never be any better than its authors. The big name writers of Broadway don't need ANTA's help, but the thousands of unknown talented writers trying to get somewhere do. Hundreds of them send their scripts to ANTA each year. A panel of anonymous professionals reads each play and sends its comments to the author. If the play is exceptional, ANTA may produce it on



CHARLES A. THOMAS

Springfield, Ohio, boasts a teen-age workshop and an active primary creative dramatic group

Broadway in its own play series. Not all worthy scripts can be in the series, however, so others are sent by ANTA to theater groups everywhere for possible production. All in all, some 40 scripts by unknown authors have more production in this way.

Harold Jaediker Taub, for instance, a magazine writer, had written plays for years without success. In 1947 he wrote one which he entered in a Philadelphia Art Alliance contest. ANTA judged the contest, and Taub's play won. Later, ANTA mimeographed the play for him and circulated it widely. As a result, the play, entitled "No Room for Peter Pan," has been put on by seven community and summer theaters outside New York, and on a radio network show starring Helen Hayes. Though Taub hasn't gotten rich on it, he's made about \$2,000 so far, or roughly \$2,000 more than he's made on his other plays.

By now, Broadway producer Herbert L. Berger has optioned Taub's play, had him adapt it to musical form, raised most of the money for it, and at this writing is dickering with stars for the leads.

Plays, whether by young playwrights or Pulitzer Prize winners, need to be well played. Many a semi-professional and community theater needs the stimulus and talent of visiting stars to make its productions come off successfully. The trouble is that the Broadway types don't like to leave Manhattan for a couple of weeks—especially when the pay isn't much.

ANTA employes and friends have therefore become experts in the art of wheedling. They often manage to convince the stars of the value of taking off time to play with small groups far from the Great White Way. When ANTA board members C. Lawton Campbell, George Freedley (scholar and drama critic), or Robert Dowling (realtor) start cajoling, they often get people like Blanche Yurka, Judith Evelyn and Orson Welles to go out and play in the remote areas.

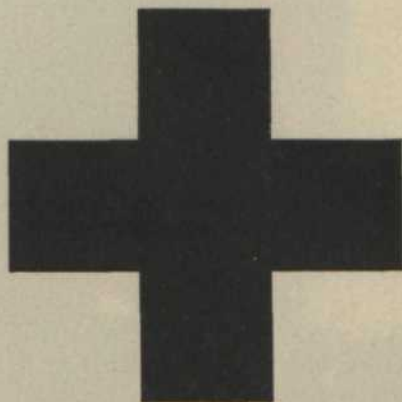
Prof. John Walker of the University of Virginia says that ANTA guest stars helped his attendance figures shoot up 40 per cent. But even more important was the benefit his students got from working with top professionals. ANTA, in short, is decentralizing American genius, and spreading it around.

More than once ANTA has provided the whole makings of a show. The state of Utah wanted to have a big centennial affair in 1947, including a massive musical spec-

(Continued on page 70)

ANSWER THE CALL

NOW



YOUR RED CROSS NEEDS YOUR HELP THIS MONTH

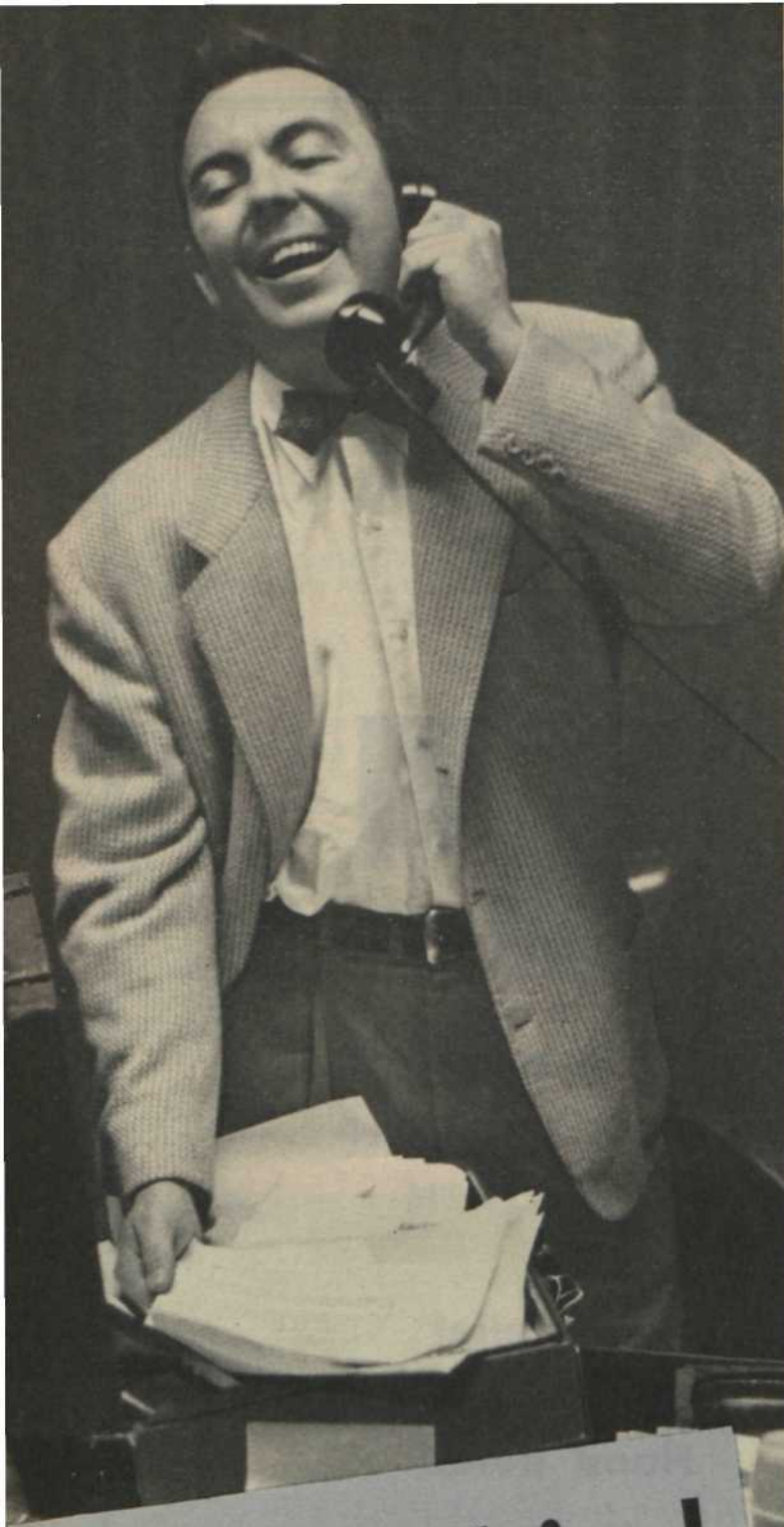
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MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.



Man Behind a Network

By FRANK X. TOLBERT

FOUR years ago Gordon McLendon went on the air from a small Texas station. Today his Liberty System is one of the top chains in the nation

WHEN he was 14, Gordon McLendon became the editor of a Cass County, Texas, newspaper. He was paid \$300 a month, an adequate salary in 1935 for a boy.

The 14-year-old executive, however, still was plagued by ambition. He was much interested in major league baseball. His dream was to be a radio sports reporter on a major network or on a big city station. When he was in his mid-20's just out of the Navy, he tried to get such a job but no one would hire him. Far from being balked, he started his own network.

Now 30, he is founder, president and chief announcer of the Liberty Broadcasting System, the nation's second largest radio network in number of stations.

McLendon started out in November, 1947, with one small station, KLIF, located in a suburb of Dallas. In November, 1951, he added the four hundred and fifteenth station to his network. While other radio chains, fearful of television, have been pulling in their economic horns, uninhibited Liberty is getting bigger all the time.

"And by this time next year, Liberty will be the No. 1 radio network in the daytime, both as to coverage and programming," predicts its ambitious president.

The network isn't growing into a multimillion dollar giant by competing with television, though.

"Television is going to settle down as an after-dark entertainment," prophesies McLendon. "In the daytime, millions of radios are going all over the country and being listened to even by people at work. We have been concentrating all our time on day programs of sports, music and news—with the hot accent on sports, especially daily big league baseball broadcasts. We have reason to believe that we often have 90,000,000 people listening to our Game of the Day."

Since the end of the war, the Federal Communications Commission has licensed a large number of new, high-powered, daytime-only radio stations.

"And the majority of them have joined Liberty," adds McLendon. "We give them such complete service that many of them don't need a news service or a record library."

When he was a child, McLendon traveled a lot. Even as a youngster, he noticed that most folks, even in the small towns, were hot baseball fans. Yet most of them never heard radio broadcasts of games except around World Series time.

McLendon built his radio network around the idea of providing daily baseball broadcasts. This was considered rather silly four years ago. It wasn't so silly two years ago when he and his father, Bart McLendon, turned down an offer of \$250,000 for one tenth of Liberty's stock. In recent months, how-

ever, the McLendons have been selling some of their stock. H. R. Cullen, Houston's richest man, bought about \$1,000,000 of LBS. Cullen had such faith in his friends, the McLendons, that the Houston Midas didn't even take a look at the LBS books before he put in his million. This is part of a financial expansion that the chairman of the board, the elder McLendon, says is designed "to carry Liberty to the top as a national network."

The McLendons — expanding their branch offices in Hollywood, New York and Chicago—will pay more than \$1,000,000 in 1952 for the rights to live or recreated broadcasts of sports events.

Liberty's chief speaks six languages, including Choctaw and Mandarin Chinese. He has a good baritone voice, somewhat like that of one of his boyhood idols, Ted Husing. There are few traces of an Oklahoma or Texas accent in the McLendon delivery.

He spent a good part of his Navy career as a Japanese linguist. And the Texas-born Scotsman claims he still had a slight Japanese accent when he came back to Dallas in 1946.

The network got its start through the financial help of Gordon's father, millionaire owner of a three-state chain of movie theaters, and one of the most astute businessmen in Dallas. It got its inspirational start with the younger McLendon's idea of bringing daily baseball broadcasts to the masses.

It proved an alarming idea to the owners of Texas League baseball clubs in Dallas and Fort Worth and, when the system got rolling, to minor league owners throughout the country. They figured a lot of persons might stay at home and listen to McLendon instead of going to games.

The minor league owners reminded McLendon that they had a rule prohibiting major league game broadcasts within 50 miles of a minor league park without the owner's consent.

KLIF was pretty much of a one-man station, at the start. McLendon did most of the announcing, assisted by a talking parrot who could shriek: "KLIF! KLIF!"

McLendon made his first sports appearance in November, 1947, with the broadcast of a pro football game from a telegraphed play-by-play. He used recorded football crowd noises to enliven proceedings. The station proprietor, then 26 years old, identified himself as "Gordon McLendon, the Old

X marks the spot for an ideal plant site

Thanks to its industrial development and location, this city is growing steadily in importance and influence.

Labor is plentiful; hydro-electric power is available; coal, gas and fuel oils are abundant.

To some 30 churches of various denominations, add a splendid school system, a religious institute, business and parochial schools, a state college.

The community is known for its well kept homes and picturesque setting. It enjoys a healthful climate, has no seasonal extremes, is the shopping center for a large area.

A modern Union Pacific Terminal adequately meets the requirements of shippers. Because of its strategic location on this railroad, the city has become the gateway to a large segment of the nation.

This is one of a number of Union Pacific cities where many industries may find it distinctly to their advantage to locate. May we send you complete information? Address: Industrial Development Dept., Room 200, Union Pacific Railroad, Omaha 2, Nebraska.

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

Scotchman, 83 years old this very day. . . ."

Gifts poured in, attesting to the popularity of the ancient announcer: hotwater bottles, false teeth, a bottle of tonic. Also, mash notes from ladies 70 or more years old.

The Old Scotchman made his first major league baseball broadcast March 21, 1948. In defiance of the minor leaguers' protective rule, he made the broadcast from KLIF, only a few blocks from the ball park of the Dallas club.

This first broadcast was from a wired report of a St. Louis Cardinal-New York Yankees spring training game in Florida. The agent who supplied KLIF with the wired report wasn't at the game or even in Florida. He was listening to a New York City station report the game and then relaying the information by wire to KLIF.

McLendon added crowd noises that would have gladdened the heart of the wildest fan. It all added up to a considerably more colorful and "live sounding" show than most broadcasts coming directly from the field.

There were two quick reactions:

1. Texas League owners tried unsuccessfully to throw the Old Scotchman off the air.

2. A radio station in Sherman, Texas, asked to hook up with KLIF, "so we can carry your wonderful daily reports of a big league baseball game."

This was the beginning of the system.

Now on the recreated baseball

games, you hear the echo-like voice of someone (usually John Kieran, Jr., producer of the show) who takes the role of the public address announcer at the major league park. This fellow drones on about such matters as: "Will the driver of New Jersey license number . . . please come to the box office. We have found your keys."

Or "Umpire So-and-So is now removing a dog from the outfield." (So far, Gordon hasn't used a recording of a dog barking when this dog eviction business is on the telegraphed script.)

When LBS' sports director, Jim Kirksmith, is announcing a baseball game, McLendon sometimes sits fairly close to the microphone and broadcasts the contest in low, breathless Japanese. This definitely adds an "exciting atmosphere of sound," as McLendon puts it, to the show.

McLendon and the other network sports announcers always have huge press-box-view drawings of the major league parks where they are recreating a game. On each drawing are scrawled odd bits of information about the park and games played there. In his passion for realism, McLendon has recorded the national anthem as played in each ball park. If he is recreating a game being played, for an example, between the Cubs and the Phillies in Philadelphia, he will reach for a record labeled "Shibe Park, National Anthem."

McLendon thinks his network's success can be traced to what he calls the fact that "folks listen to

programs, not to stations. They fool around the dial until they find what they want. We have what most of them want: sports, music and news."

Attesting to the truth of this, he had 40 affiliates within eight months of his first baseball broadcast. By September, 1949, Liberty had 71 stations. A year ago, there were 241 outlets in 33 states. And the network had spread all over the nation last June when WMEX of Boston, Mass., became its four hundredth outlet.

When there are no current big league baseball or football games to broadcast, Liberty has "The Basketball Game of the Day." These are recreated usually, complete with almost alarming ball-bounding sound effects, whistling, crowd howls and organ music.

McLendon's real love, though, is a series called "Great Days in Sports" in which ancient ball games and boxing matches are redone in play-by-play or blow-by-blow fashion. He also has recreated famous tennis matches at Wimbledon, with an assistant clicking his tongue to simulate the sound of a tennis ball hitting the racket and with other Texas assistants standing around the microphone and mumbling in low, vaudeville British accents.

Many afternoons during the baseball season, the voice of Gordon McLendon can be heard, literally, throughout the land. Say your car radio isn't working, you can still keep up with the "Game of the Day" by driving slowly past the filling stations in the little towns. You stop in roadside cafes and his voice follows you.

Recently, he has been making live broadcasts of major league games, and has acquired numerous big city fans.

McLendon talked minor league owners into doing away with the rule against major league broadcasts near minor league parks. There are still a lot of kicks, though. And one minor league official guessed that Liberty cost organized ball more than \$1,000,000 at the box office in 1950.

McLendon countered with figures to show that all entertainment gates suffered, and he suggested that his broadcasts are making stronger fans of the small town folks—fans who will be sure to attend ball games when they're visiting in cities having big league teams.

McLendon is a round-faced man with sleepy eyes and close-clipped dark hair. He is a little oriental in appearance. And, since he spent

McLendon, as the "Old Scotchman," was an immediate sports hit

ED MILEY FROM BLACK STAR



his childhood on the Choctaw Reservation at Idabel, Okla., he is sometimes asked if he is "part Indian."

He was given a Choctaw name (of all things, White Owl) by his Indian friends. But he has no Indian blood. All his folks were of Scottish descent. And when McLendon puts on his Old Scotchman make-up of kilts and whiskers and carries his crooked walking stick, he wears a family tartan.

Friendly and hospitable, McLendon is one of the hardest fellows in Dallas to interview—mainly because he's constantly on the go. He spends more than \$1,200 a month on plane fares.

A New York writer, passing through Dallas recently, got an appointment. Local and long distance phone calls kept interrupting the conversation. In the midst of one of these calls, the writer excused himself for a few minutes to go to the men's room.

When the visitor left the office, McLendon was talking to someone in Haverhill, Mass. When the visitor returned, the office was empty, and McLendon's secretary said:

"Mr. McLendon said to tell you he's awfully sorry, but he had to go to Cleveland. He'll be back tonight if you'd like another appointment..."

"No, thanks," said the weary writer.

Other times, when McLendon is fairly certain he'll stay in town, he's apt to say to his visitor:

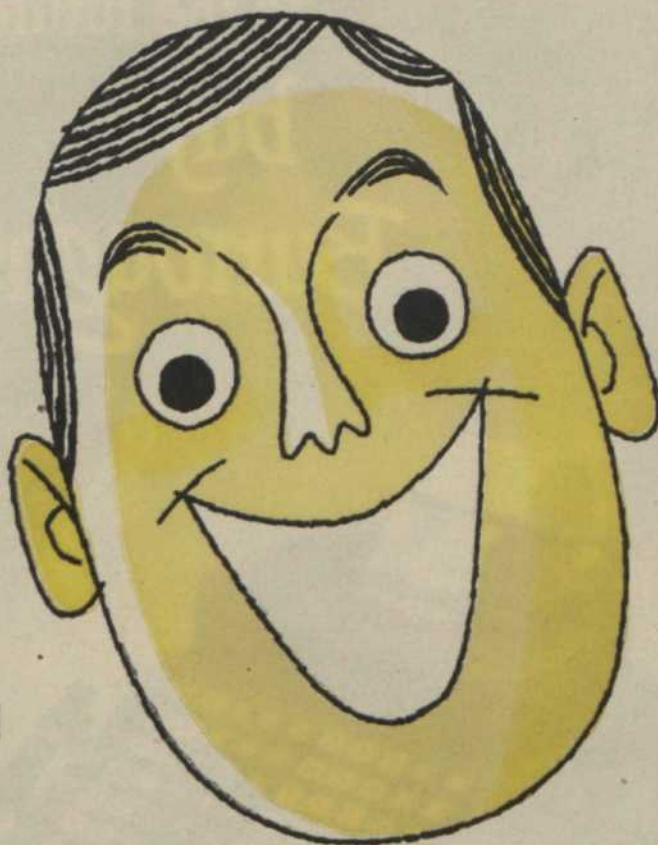
"Sorry, we can't talk so well here today. Maybe you'd like to come out to the house tonight. We can barbecue some steaks and have a quiet talk."

You drive out to the Preston Hollow section of Dallas and find McLendon in the patio playing with his children, Bart, four, and Jan, six. Kristen, his one-year-old, watches from a play pen. Blonde and beautiful Mrs. Gay McLendon is barbecuing the steaks over an outdoor grill.

Before you can ask three questions, though, a band of Boneheads descends on the place. Boneheads in Dallas talk are members of the Bonehead Club, a zany organization of businessmen dedicated to playing tricks on the rest of the population and to "learning more and more about less and less until we know nothing about practically everything." McLendon is a vice president of the club.

McLendon was born in a hospital in Paris, Texas. His folks were living across the Red River in Idabel, Okla., at the time, though. When he was about 13, the family

99% said: **yes!**



no!



"Do you use the Classified Telephone Directory?" we asked purchasing agents of 217 industrial firms. 99% answered "Yes."

Most of them said they used the 'yellow pages' of the telephone directory to find suppliers of new products or services. 33% also said they found the 'yellow pages' a convenient time-saver when placing repeat orders.

When you want to reach purchasing agents you'll find Trade Mark Service in the 'yellow pages' a mighty effective way to give them buying information about your industrial products. It puts your trade-mark or brand name in the 'yellow pages' over a list of your local distributors or agents.

More and more leading manufacturers use Trade Mark Service to reach purchasing agents and build sales. Isn't it a good idea to put this service to work for your business?



AMERICA'S BUYING GUIDE FOR OVER 60 YEARS

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION, CALL YOUR LOCAL TELEPHONE BUSINESS OFFICE OR SEE THE LATEST ISSUE OF STANDARD RATE AND DATA.



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When you buy a Burroughs you can be sure of owning an adding machine that's soundly constructed with an eye to lasting performance—for today and for the future! Here's a proved machine that, day in and day out, sets the pace for the work ahead—in the years ahead. The Burroughs has gained and maintained its world-wide reputation for dependability and durability, because it's designed to last a business lifetime. Consult the yellow pages in your phone book for the Burroughs office nearest you. Burroughs Adding Machine Co., Detroit 32, Mich.

WHEREVER THERE'S BUSINESS THERE'S

Burroughs



moved to Cass County, in the "Piney Woods" of East Texas. Here he finished high school in three years, making straight A's, won 149 out of 151 high school debates, and edited the earlier mentioned newspaper.

McLendon runs his operation as casually today as he did back in the spring of 1948 when the network consisted of two stations. Most big league broadcasters have a squad of technicians and assistants. Gordon usually strolls into a major league park alone when he's making a live broadcast. He just sets up his amplifier and goes to work.

In January of this year, McLendon was named one of the "ten outstanding young men of 1951" by the U. S. Junior Chamber of Commerce. At the same time, *Sporting News* called him the nation's leading football broadcaster of 1951.

"All the evils of a purely political democracy are evident in the U.S.A.; the evils of the lack of political democracy are present in the U.S.S.R."

—Jawaharlal Nehru

McLendon gets hundreds of letters every week from people who take his Old Scotchman impersonation seriously. Some of these are amused at how forgetful the elderly announcer is about his age. A Riverton, Wyo., man wrote: "One broadcast you say you're 82 and the next you say you're 87. And almost every week you come up with another birthday. You're getting a wee bit senile, I guess, but you're still the best sports announcer in the country...."

One afternoon last spring, the sports desk of the *Dallas News* got a call from a subscriber 500 miles away in Jim Hogg County, Texas. This fellow, an old ranchman, demanded to know the final score of a game played in 1886 between the Cincinnati Red Legs and the Brooklyn Trolley Dodgers:

"I was just a-listening to the Old Scotchman give a play-by-play on this game. And it got so exciting—with those horses whinnying and all those other sounds—that I couldn't stand the suspense. I had to call up and find out how the game came out. I guess the Old Scotchman doesn't have much trouble making that game sound real. For he probably saw it played back in 1886."



"OH-OH, DAD...A FLAT TIRE!"

"WE sure have one, Johnnie—but we'll switch to the 'spare' in a jiffy and be on our way!"

Carrying a spare tire is certainly the best way to protect yourself against a serious delay if you have tire trouble. And carrying automobile insurance *with safe limits of liability* is certainly the best way to protect yourself against financial loss in case of an accident. Ask your friendly Hardware Mutuals representative to explain your need for *adequate* coverage.

He'll also point out that 3,000 attorneys and adjusters, representing Hardware Mutuals in com-

munities across the entire nation, are ready to help you. They are prepared to put into action Hardware Mutuals famous *policy back of the policy*® that assures you fast, friendly, day-and-night service and real peace-of-mind protection. More than \$100,000,000 in dividends has been returned to policyholders since organization.

Get the whole story! Call Western Union by number, ask for Operator 25, and request the name and address of your nearest Hardware Mutuals representative. He'll be glad to discuss your automobile insurance needs—without obligation, of course!



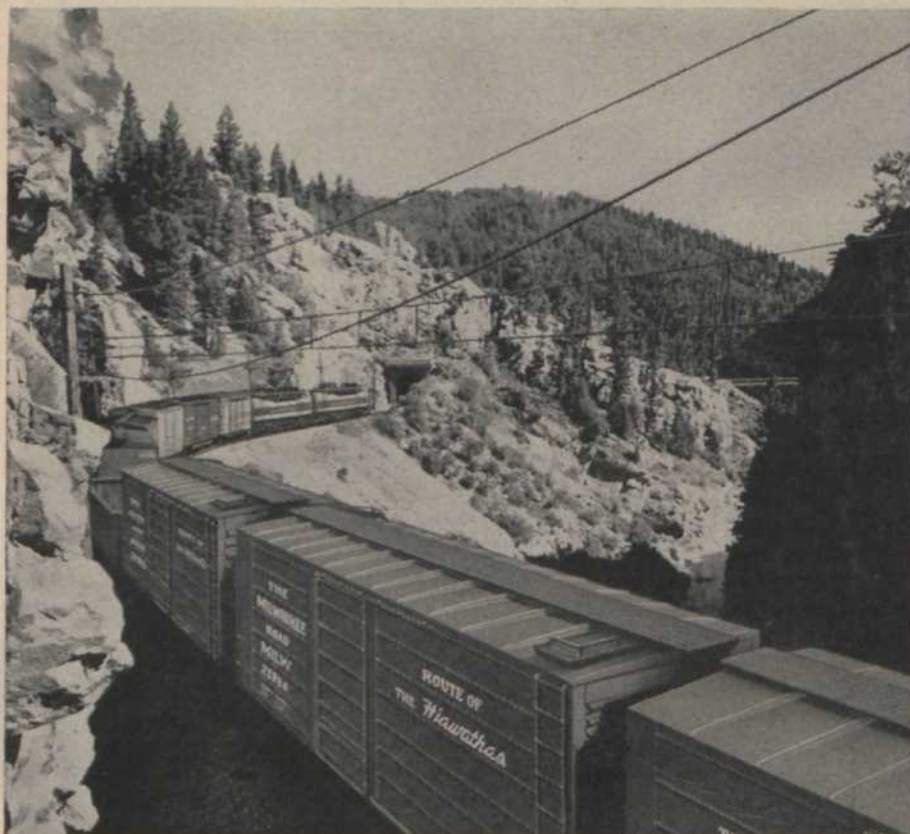
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NATION'S BUSINESS for March, 1952



A pair of electrics haul transcontinental freight No. 263 through the Belt Mountains

Mountain climbing the Milwaukee way

Put yourself out here in rugged Montana Canyon. Imagine you're a shepherd instead of a shipper.

Watch how silently and effortlessly this string of cars moves up Eagle Nest grade behind a team of electric locomotives. Up grade or down, stopping or starting, there's no jolt or jar... or damaged freight.

If you could watch the whole

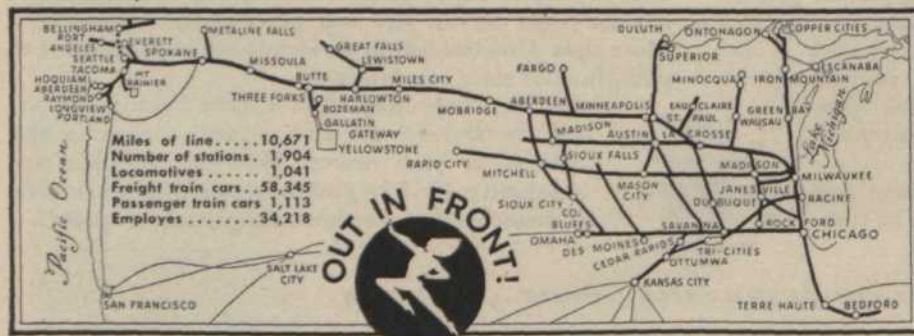
operation from the Great Lakes to Puget Sound, you'd see that The Milwaukee Road always has the right power in the right place.

Yes, that's the pattern all over the Milwaukee... the right car for the right cargo, the right man for the right job.

Let us prove ourselves the right railroad for you. Contact your nearest Milwaukee Road agent.

SHIP—TRAVEL

Look at the map!



THE MILWAUKEE ROAD

Route of the HIAWATHAS

CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE, ST. PAUL AND PACIFIC RAILROAD

Japan Moves Into Our Markets

(Continued from page 38)

Japanese glasses can be retailed in the U. S. for \$60 to \$75. One of the biggest dealers in the New York area shows both American and Japanese glasses and says: "The price of the Japanese glasses sells them."

No American manufacturers have suffered more severely from recent Japanese competition than the makers of dinnerware. Most of them, concentrated in eastern Ohio, have been working at little more than 50 per cent of capacity; thousands of their men have been laid off, and the rest have seen their work-week cut to 30 hours. Total sales for 1951 are expected to be down to \$115,000,000, from \$150,000,000 a year ago. Most of the difference (even allowing for the growing popularity of plastics) is made up by imports from Japan. These may show as only \$10,000,000 or so in the import tables at f.o.b. Tokyo prices but represent from \$30,000,000 to \$50,000,000 over retailers' counters.

The housewife, trying to stretch her shrunken dollar, finds Japanese china attractive. She can get a cheap pattern of Japanese china (of the type she calls "fine china") cheaper than the better grades of American common china. Of course, she probably forgets that, if she breaks a piece, the Japanese ware may be hard to replace.

The Vitrified China Association has been prodding the Tariff Commission and Congress to do something. Actually, the china makers do not want a higher tariff so much as they want a quota limit on the number of pieces of Japanese china, or on the dollar value, that can be imported.

American manufacturers of sewing machines have been almost as hard hit. Japan has been shipping sewing-machine heads to the U. S. at the rate of about 300,000 a year, or one quarter of the total sales to American housewives and seamstresses. The heads are usually well made and clearly marked "Made in Japan" (formerly, "in Occupied Japan"). But Japanese manufacturers are very obliging, and if the American wholesale buyer wants an American name on the head, such as "Hoover" or "Cadillac," he can get it with no trouble, all for the \$20 or so that the head costs him.

What happens after the heads reach the U. S. is not such a pretty

story. Before they reach the retailer's showcase they are fitted with motors and mounted on stands. In far too many cases, the Federal Trade Commission reports, the motors have been mounted so as to hide the "Made in Japan" label. Even the cheaper American machines, which might compete with the Japanese on a price basis, are suffering because retailers like the markup which may run to 100 per cent on the imported article.

As for the consumer who buys a hybrid Japanese-American machine for \$75 (just half what a comparable all-American would cost), she is likely to be well satisfied until something goes wrong. Then she finds that to get a broken part replaced is expensive.

The smaller American manufacturers already are suffering severely from the competition. But Singer, which has made its name synonymous with sewing machines around the world, is hedging its risks by investing in the Japanese industry.

Japanese manufacturers also have begun to make a dent in the American toy market. However, all the imports do not add up to more than three per cent of the American child's capacity for destruction, so an American firm turning out a varied line is not likely to be hard hit.

Only in a few specialties, such as cheap animated toys and rubber items like masks and beach balls, has the competition proved painful to date.

Much harder hit than any American manufacturing industry—even harder hit than the china-ware people—is the tuna fishery on the Pacific coast. In 1950 (before a temporary tariff deal with Mexico ran out), the duty on imported canned tuna was 22½ per cent. To the Japanese with their low overhead and lower labor costs this was no obstacle, and they shipped in about one third of all the canned tuna sold in the U. S. that year. At the beginning of 1951, however, the duty jumped back to 45 per cent. The Japanese started to go easy on the canned goods, but flooded the market with frozen tuna which was still on the free list.

Captains in the San Diego fleet are glum but realistic about the prospects. They know that Japan has to export to live and that she can ship in commodities like tuna over any trade barrier short of an outright embargo.

Fortunately for the future of American-Japanese trade relations, for every such case there are one or more examples of Japanese

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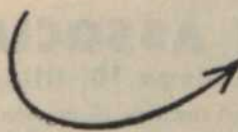
Many businesses are giving top priority to the problem of planning new office efficiencies. Art Metal representatives are trained in the art of revising present layouts, improving records systems, speeding up desk work and filing—to make important savings in space, time and money.

If you plan to move, expand or modernize, get the benefit of the broad experience of the Art Metal planning service, without obligation of any kind.

Also, if you will advise us in advance about when you expect to alter or expand, we can assist you in keeping ahead of your equipment needs. Ask for your copy of our nationally recognized 98-page handbook "Office Standards and Planning." It's free!

Consult nearest representative or write to Office Planning Service Dept., Art Metal Construction Co., Jamestown, N. Y.

For over 60 years the hall-mark of fine business equipment... desks • chairs • files • safes and visible indexing equipment.





Farms that "grow" *Concrete* to build a stronger America

Two of the strangest farms in America "grow" concrete in northern Illinois and central Georgia. They are the experimental farms of the Portland Cement Association, where scientists are studying the effects of weathering on concrete in northern and southern climates.

"Growing" here are better pavements for defense highways, stronger runways to resist the impact of huge commercial and military planes and the tremendous heat of the jets, walls with greater resistance to the elements for factories, schools, hospitals, homes, hangars, warehouses, stores and public buildings.

"Plantings" made on the farms, starting in 1940, consist of rows of concrete slabs, posts and boxes which simulate pavements, structural columns and walls. Specimens contain different proportions and combinations of materials commonly used in making concrete.

Research like this is a continuing and expanding activity of the Portland Cement Association. Out of it comes technical information on the best concrete mixtures and the best building practices for structures exposed to all conditions of service and weather.

Such information is made public immediately and freely through the Association's field engineering service and its educational and promotional efforts made possible by the voluntary financial support of its 67 member companies. Knowledge gained in the laboratory and in field tests thus can be used quickly by architects, engineers and contractors in designing and building more durable and lower annual cost facilities needed for our general economy and the defense program.

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION
33 West Grand Avenue, Chicago 10, Illinois

A national organization to improve and extend the uses of portland cement and concrete . . . through scientific research and engineering field work

activity complementing, or actually helping, American enterprise.

The most important example, measured by dollars, is in textiles. Since the war, most of Japan's silk exports to the United States have been in the form of raw silk which makes work for American spinners and weavers. Even with the proportionately higher dollar value of manufactured silk, only \$14,000,000 worth was shipped here in 1950 as against \$23,000,000 worth of the raw fiber.

And this trade goes a little way, at least, toward paying for Japan's huge imports of American raw cotton, which are at the rate of \$200,000,000 a year or more.

And whereas Japan used to drape 100,000,000 yards of cotton goods over American counters before the war, imports of Japanese manufactured cotton are now down to \$12,000,000 a year, which the market can easily absorb.

Actually, it is American exporters of cotton manufactures who are most directly affected by the renewed whirl of Japanese spindles. They, like the British, are losing markets in Southeast Asia to Japanese exporters. But these poverty-stricken markets for the lowest-priced yard goods are naturally in Japan's economic sphere, anyway.

In heavy industry and machinery there can be no competition between the two countries under present world conditions. In fact, Japan would be a big buyer of machine tools if America had any to sell.

But in many small ways Japanese industry can help to ease American shortages. One of the oddest examples came to light recently when a Japanese salesman arrived to sell cosmetics. He found that with shipping costs and tariffs, his principals in Tokyo could not compete with American firms making inexpensive lines for 5-and-10 customers. But they had plenty of brass for compacts and lipstick containers. So the salesman changed his line and did a land-office business in brass containers, to the delight of American businessmen who were being squeezed by defense allocations.

There are, of course, many lines in which Japanese energy and ingenuity will produce noncompetitive goods for the U. S. market. With a fine religious tolerance, the Japanese are sending in both joss sticks and incense. And no American businessman is likely to complain about competition from Japanese makers of insect cages for the confinement of pet grasshoppers.

No, of course, the guide on the Washington sight-seeing bus didn't say that. What he really said was, "*You are now passing the home of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States.*"

Business built it, way back in 1924 . . . the spontaneous gift of businessmen, business firms and organizations from all over the country. And it's your Washington office, the home of *all* business. Big, little, middle-sized business. Everybody's business. From the butcher in Bethesda to the banker in Manhattan. A federation of 3,200 chambers of commerce and trade associations, plus 21,000 firms and individuals. Vigilant, progressive . . . close to what's cooking on Capitol Hill before it's cooked.

The talk on new taxes, the pros and cons on price controls, labor legislation, and all the rest, these are national issues . . . *your* issues. The Chamber's job is to find out how business feels about them. Then it lets the public and Government know where you stand.

The Chamber's purpose in life is identical with yours . . . to work for good citizenship, good government and good business. Could any thinking person separate these three? Would any patriotic person want to? Chamber of Commerce of the United States, Washington 6, D. C.

***You don't join the Chamber...
the Chamber joins you***

THE NATIONAL CHAMBER JOINS YOU *with the finest of research facilities for digging out the facts and defining the problems you face along with the other business men.*

IT JOINS YOU *with splendid educational channels for getting the issues out in the open and making the facts available to everybody.*

IT JOINS YOU *and your opinion on national issues with that of other alert businessmen to establish a sound policy for business.*

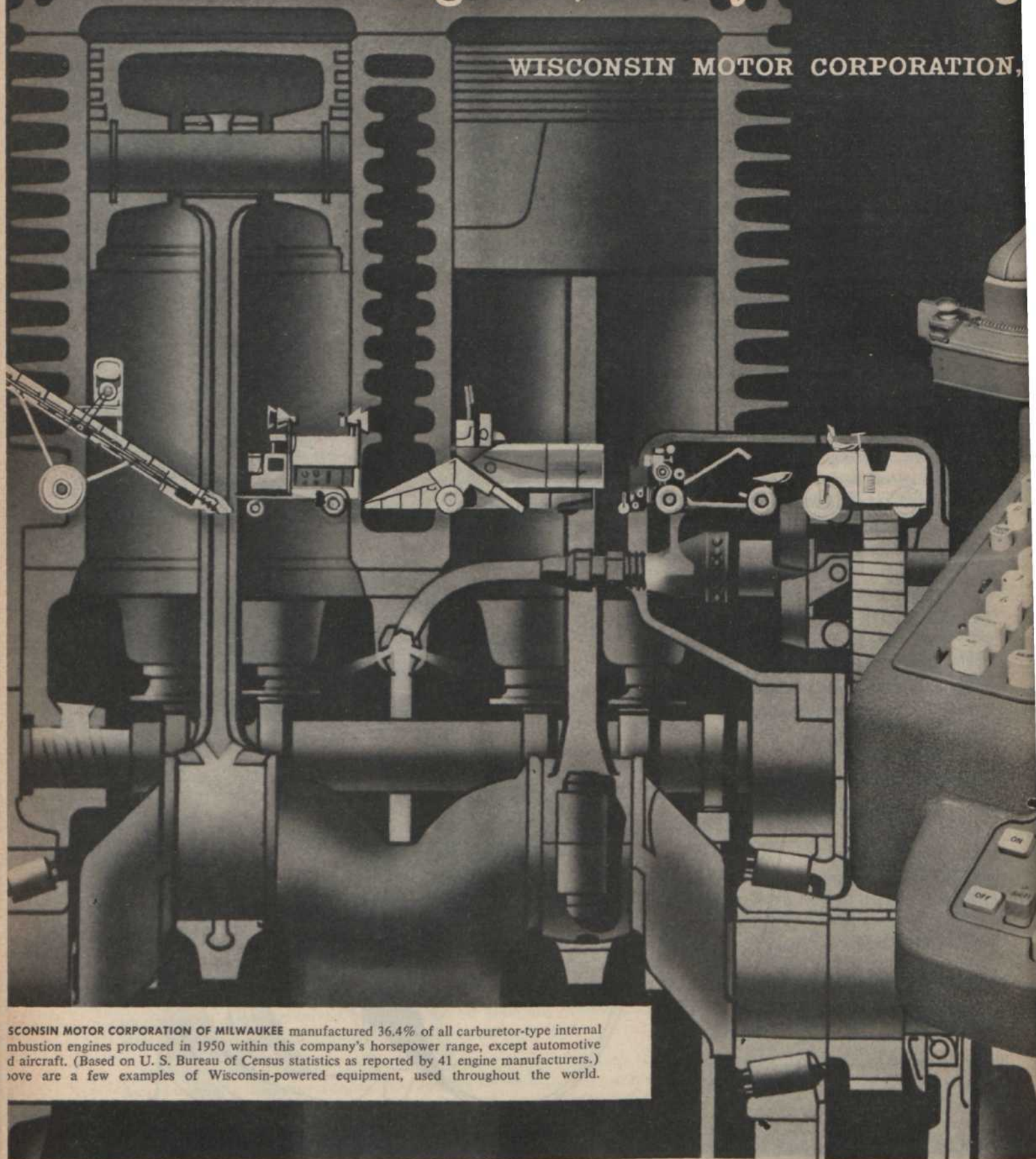
IT JOINS YOU *and your earnest efforts with the combined front of business to get action.*

***"on the right...
your Washington office
where business
hangs its hat, and builds
for a better America"***



"We are saving \$100,000 a year...using

WISCONSIN MOTOR CORPORATION,



WISCONSIN MOTOR CORPORATION OF MILWAUKEE manufactured 36.4% of all carburetor-type internal combustion engines produced in 1950 within this company's horsepower range, except automotive and aircraft. (Based on U. S. Bureau of Census statistics as reported by 41 engine manufacturers.) Above are a few examples of Wisconsin-powered equipment, used throughout the world.

The outside accounting firm we retain informs us that our National Accounting Machines, which cost \$60,000, are saving us over \$100,000 a year.

The savings exceed the predictions of these nationally-known auditors and those of the National representatives; All of our accounting department heads confirm these savings, and report stepped-up efficiency.

"Our NCR machines handle our Payroll, Labor Distribution, Quarterly Social Security Reports, Production & Material Control, General Accounting (Receivables, Payables, Aged Account Analysis, etc.) and Order Board Analysis of unfilled orders by Customers, Types of Motors, and by Schedule Dates of Shipments.

"Three days after installation,

our own operators had learned the machines, and the system was functioning smoothly. Obviously, we are well pleased."

H. G. Zolt
President,
Wisconsin Motor Corporation

Nationals that cost \$60,000!"

"World's Largest Builders of Heavy-Duty Air-Cooled Engines"



Payroll-Accounting Machine, repaid its cost in less than 8 months.



National Class 31 repaid its cost in less than a year, continues a handsome annual return in savings.



This saving is another example of profitable capital investments cited in this series of recent advertisements, showing how National Systems reduced accounting costs for such companies as Southern Railway, American Airlines, The Upjohn Company, Merchants National Bank of Indianapolis, and others. (A brochure of these advertisements will be sent you on request.)

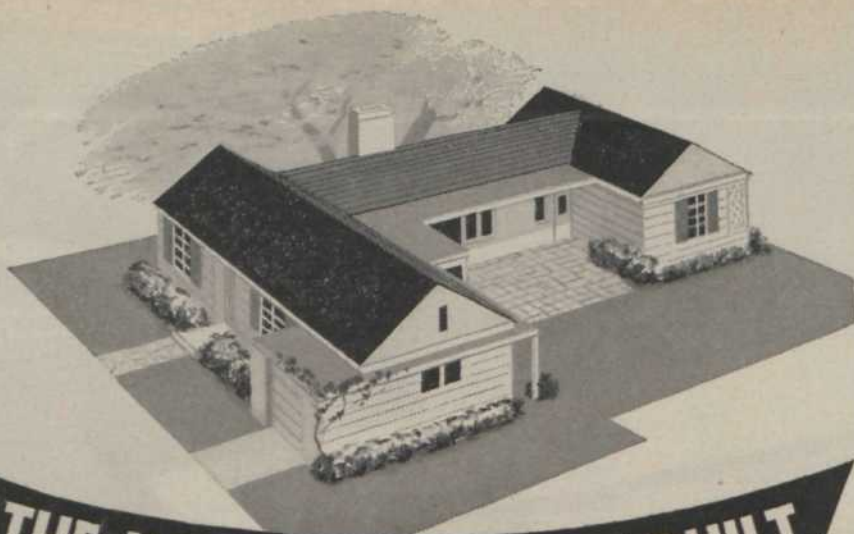
Such savings are due to a combination of time-and-effort-saving features found only on National Accounting Machines. On some jobs, they do as much as $\frac{2}{3}$ of the work automatically.

Let our local National representative . . . a trained systems analyst . . . show what you can save with a National System designed to fit your needs.

THE NATIONAL CASH REGISTER COMPANY, DAYTON 9, OHIO

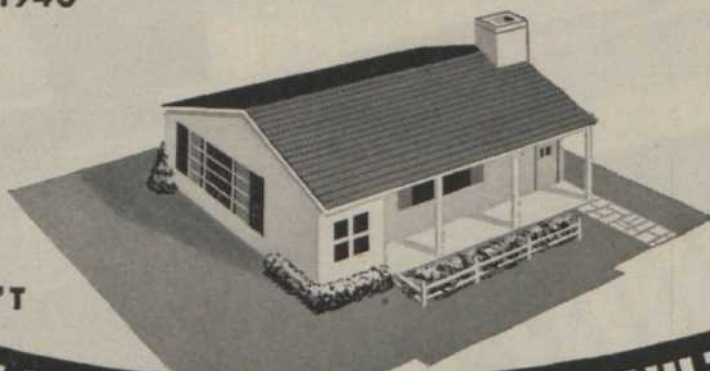
National
ACCOUNTING MACHINES

CASH REGISTERS • ADDING MACHINES



THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT

IN 1946



ISN'T

THE HOUSE THAT JACK REBUILT

Your PHOENIX-CONNECTICUT Group Agent Can Help YOU Avoid Jack's Mistake

Jack was proud of his new home in 1946. And Jack was smart then, too. He insured his home for its full value.

Then Jack stopped thinking about insurance. After all, wasn't he protected against financial loss?

Too late, Jack realized that he was only partially protected...that the cost of replacing his property far exceeded his coverage. When fire destroyed his home early this

year poor Jack discovered that his insurance, based on 1946 values, would pay for only 62% of the cost of rebuilding.

If you have not re-appraised your property—including your household contents—you may share Jack's misfortune. Let an agent for one of the PHOENIX-CONNECTICUT companies help you review your present insurance policies. *Call him today!*



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Wichita, Kansas
Atlantic Fire Insurance Co.
Raleigh, North Carolina
Great Eastern Fire Insurance Co.
White Plains, New York
Reliance Insurance Co. of Canada
Montreal, P. Q., Canada

You, Too, Can Get Ulcers

(Continued from page 35)

"At this point," said Dr. Miller, "all this man could do was get sick."

The health productivity and personal happiness of executives are closely related. In a sample of 10,000 men from top management averaging 45 years of age, the Life Extension Examiners found that only one in ten was in normal health.

What has the poor health record of executives got to do with their emotional frustrations on the job? It is a common observation in business that the companies with the worst management friction have the worst executive health records. Companies which have improved their personnel policies invariably show an improvement in the health record of their executives.

"I'm not the kind of guy who gets ulcers—I give 'em," a company president boasted to Austin Fisher of management consultants Fisher and Rudge. "Sure enough," Fisher told me, "the whole company was sick." Pressure and fear are the traditional goads of the executive.

To get at the bottom of its clients' personnel problems, Fisher's firm invites officials to air their gripes freely in confidential interviews. They don't need any urging. Taxes and inflation have made a painful dent in their living standards and many are worried about unfunded pensions which depend on future earnings to pay off. But their unhappiness stems mainly from their feeling of being "boxed in." They feel isolated from the outside world by the company and from the company itself by its failure to let them participate in its over-all planning. As one executive expressed it to me: "You're entirely surrounded by the company but not quite sure if you really belong."

On the job the executive is torn by one of the great conflicts of our time. "It centers around emotional security," says Dr. Frantz Alexander, clinical professor of psychiatry at the University of Illinois and pioneer in psychosomatic medicine. "It is a conflict between competitive ambition and stress upon individual accomplishment and a deep longing for dependence and security. The ideals of individual initiative, endurance and self-reliance are deeply rooted in the American cultural tradition derived from the days of unlimited

opportunity. These old virile ideals are still alive, but their successful realization is becoming more and more difficult in our present complex, interdependent society."

As big business gets bigger, the various jobs become more specific and the men who fill them more anonymous. The worker can adjust himself by narrowing down his skills and find more of his life fulfillments in leisure activities. But the executive doesn't sell a skill. He sells himself. The more his job is departmentalized the harder it is for him to squeeze his personality into the executive pattern cut out for him.

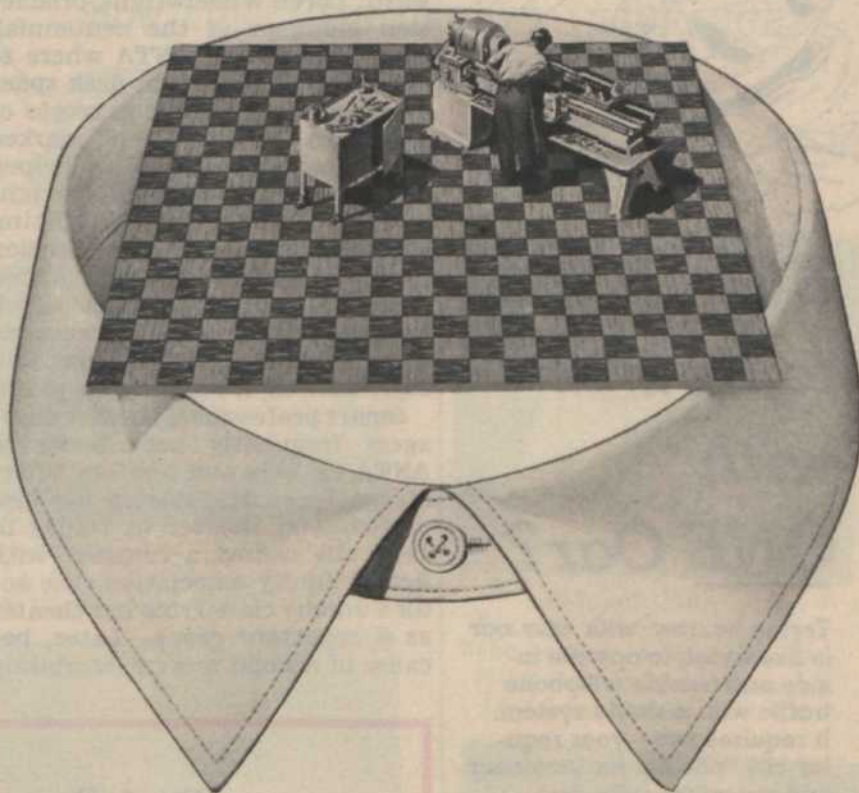
This isn't something he can put on or take off like a stiff collar. Unless he can identify himself sincerely with the job he's just no good at it. This puts industry in the peculiar position of wanting to eat only a part of its executive cake—and not have any left over. For while it finds use for only a limited part of the executive's total personality it still doesn't give him much of a chance to express the rest of himself in outside interests.

What does the executive want out of his job? "Money and title" is the stock answer, but these goals express and satisfy only a part of the executive's total personality. That's why modern management is beginning to put less stress on salary and promotion and more effort into making the executive's job meaningful.

Professions, like medicine and law, do not discourage the profit motive but they measure a man's ultimate success by contributions which are identified directly with the man himself. A corporation has to make money to stay alive and fulfill its social responsibilities. But money is not the final measure of the men who help the company make it.

What they want, when you come right down to it, is recognition as human beings and unless they get this they'll feel they've failed, no matter how hard they try to kid themselves that a dollar is still a dollar.

The problem, then, is to treat the executive as a complete human being, not as a two-legged management function. That is why industry has hired a small army of psychologists to find out what makes the executive tick—and how to detect him, so to speak, of the emotional frustrations which make him the victim of his own virtues. With a better understanding of himself, there is no reason why the executive cannot be happy, even though successful.



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Some floors are built for heavy duty... some for grease-resistance... some for extra quiet and comfort underfoot... others provide special properties too numerous to mention here. The Kentile Flooring Contractor will tell you which floor is best suited for the specific areas you want covered.

Whether office, plant, school, hospital—make use of this specialized experience and you get the most for your flooring dollar.

You, or your architect or builder, will find it pays to consult with a Kentile Flooring Contractor on new construction or remodeling jobs. If you don't know his name and address, write Contract Dept., Kentile, Inc., Brooklyn 15, New York.

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Trying to row with one oar is like trying to operate inside and outside telephone traffic with a single system. It requires two—your regular city phones for incoming and out-going calls, and **SELECT-O-PHONE** for all inside communications! **SELECT-O-PHONE** operates independently of your switchboard, requires no operator! And it permits you to talk with from one to 55 inside stations, individually or collectively!



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Broadway on Main Street

(Continued from page 55)

tacle about the Mormon trek westward. Loren Wheelwright, production manager of the centennial, came east to ask ANTA where to start. ANTA gave him desk space and a phone, brought in scores of people to meet him, and worked with him for weeks. They helped him find a librettist (playwright Arnold Sundgaard), lighting equipment, sound amplification men, a conductor, and star Alfred Drake. The music-drama which emerged ran for 17 performances, was the hit of the centennial, and even showed a respectable profit.

Smart professional theater managers frequently have come to ANTA for help and comfort. When Margo Jones first started her new professional theater in Dallas in 1947, she signed a contract with Actors Equity Association (the actor's union) classifying her theater as a repertory group. Later, because of an odd way of scheduling

her shows, she found this was going to be costly for the bit parts.

"If I had a summer stock contract," she explained to ANTA's former director, Robert Breen, "I could use local people for the bit parts and save a lot—in fact, that's what would put us over the hump. Trouble is, no regular winter theater has ever had a summer stock contract. What am I going to do?"

Breen saw her side of it, went to Equity to plead the case. Equity's directors agreed to the change.

"Thanks," Margo Jones gratefully wired Breen from Dallas. "It makes all the difference in the world." Ever since, her theater has been forging ahead as one of the few vital professional theaters outside New York.

Servicing and helping regional theaters in all these ways is far from being ANTA's only activity—in fact, some critics say that ANTA spends entirely too much money and effort on other so-called non-

Red Cross Campaign

THE RED CROSS is one of the great exponents of the volunteer spirit. One of its primary missions is to train people to help themselves and others in times of disaster, accident, and national emergency.

In America volunteers spring up in times of peril, but even the most ardent of them must be trained and equipped before they are most useful.

The Red Cross now has 78,000 trained first aid instructors, more than double the number available in June, 1950. A total of 1,093,069 certificates were issued to persons who received first aid training last year.

In the same period the Red Cross has more than doubled the number of nurse instructors and has multiplied by ten the number of non-nurse instructors in the home nursing program.

These are two practical phases of civil defense. In addition the National Blood Program continues unabated. Even more blood donors are needed.

Even while the Red Cross was

helping in the Korean conflict the midwest floods last summer gave it the heaviest burden in disaster relief and rehabilita-



tion that it has had to carry in many years. It appealed to the public for \$5,000,000 for its first special disaster fund since 1938. It is now estimated that at least \$10,000,000 will have been spent on the midwest floods before that item is closed.

The goal in this year's fund campaign is \$85,000,000.

sense, such as producing 36 plays on Broadway in the past several years, sending American ballet and stage productions to Europe, running money-raising functions to pay for its building, and so on.

But friends feel that a balanced program is essential, and that without its Broadway work, ANTA would become exclusively amateur-minded. ANTA also has shelled out money to help put on a theater talent demonstration show for Broadway producers. Through it, some 60 unemployed actors, singers, dancers and writers got jobs (Juanita Hall got her big chance as Bloody Mary in "South Pacific" through it). ANTA also helped support a theater magazine for a while, currently represents the U. S. in UNESCO's theater activities, and is the American center for the International Theater Institute.

All in all, ANTA is a busy outfit. It carries on with a mere \$250,000 income per year, most of which comes from individual donations and a big fund campaign, and from such money-producing sources as TV, radio, and its record albums. The regional theaters in several thousand American cities and towns, which gain so much from ANTA, contribute less than \$14,000 in membership fees.

For the present, ANTA is prone to the occasional inefficiencies and errors of any growing service organization. But a lot of people have faith in it, and believe that only through such a national theater organization can America keep alive its dramatic heritage. The stage is as old as civilization, and it isn't going to give up yet.



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Battle of the Tetrahedrons

(Continued from page 48)

the waitress asked Charley.

"Yes," Charley said. "With cream."

So now they had to close off the open half of the channel and throw the river back to the north side and through the spillways of the completed section so that they could build the other half of the dam. That was not going to be simple. A lot of river was boiling through that gap.

He turned his sketch so McCall could see it. "How many cfs would you say the river will be running when we make the closure?"

"All according to the time of year." McCall started in on his food. "Yes sir, I'll bet the colonel will be as glad to see Senator Hunt as he would be the plague."

"We've got to make the closure between the middle of October and Dec. 1. That's the only time of year salmon won't be running. How many cfs do we get on Nov. 1?"

McCall stirred his coffee. "Roughly, 150,000."

A hundred and fifty thousand cubic feet per second. That, Charley conceded, was a fair-sized trickle.

"Okay. After we've sunk sheet pile and rock ballast until we've got the river squeezed into a 240 foot space, how much velocity have we got?"

"Around 25 feet per second."

Charley scowled. A tough baby to close, that gap. Cribs loaded with rock and eased downstream by heavy cables, then sunk might do the trick. Or eight-ton rocks dropped from an overhead skip. But cribs would be unwieldy in that current; and the cost of quarrying and transporting the rocks would be fantastic.

At supper Willie tried to get the budget hassle started again, but Amy said firmly, "Don't pester your father. He's got bigger problems than budgets on his mind."

"On the contrary," Charley said, "I've already taken steps to solve our budget problems."

"Steps, he says," Willie muttered. "Keep an eye on the house fund, mom."

"Willie," Amy said, "haven't you got some homework to do?"

Willie looked shocked. "Homework? This is Friday night, mom."

a bad week for Charley. For one thing, he found nothing helpful on the engineering problem at hand. For another, he began worrying about Willie's education.

It occurred to him suddenly that he had given far too little attention to what the teachers were putting into Willie's mind.

An opportunity presented itself on Thursday evening. As Willie got up from the table, Charley asked, "Any homework tonight, William?"

"Just geometry. I'm going to flunk that anyway so there's no use studying."

Charley frowned. "What kind of geometry, plane or solid?"

"Must be solid—it's too dense for me."

When he had gone, Charley said to his wife, "What's this about his going to flunk?"

"Oh, Willie won't flunk. He's just going through a stage when he thinks it's funny to get you all worked up."

But Charley's fears were not allayed. He followed Willie into the living room, where he found his son slouched at a card table. Spread out before him in marvelous disorder were sheets of white cardboard, paste, scissors, pencil and ruler, at which Willie was poking unenthusiastically.

"What," said Charley, "do you think you're doing?"

"Homework." Willie picked up the scissors, cut out a section of cardboard and folded it along

marked lines, then reached for the paste. Grim-eyed, Charley watched.

"Amy!" he called.

"Yes, dear?" Amy said at his elbow.

"That is a high school sophomore's homework?"

"Of course, dear. Geometry."

"That is how they study geometry nowadays?"

Amy nodded. Dropping a paste-board cube to the table, Willie squinted at it. "I think it's kind of silly, myself. Cubes, we gotta make. Octagons, hexagons, tetragons—"

"Tetrahedrons," Charley corrected absently. "Look here, Amy, is this the kind of nonsense teachers are stuffing into Willie's head?"

"They don't call it nonsense. They call it visual education. The theory is that when a child can see a thing, feel it, pick it up and look at it from every angle, he comes to understand it much more quickly."

Charley went over to the table and stood staring down at the array of geometrical figures stacked in front of Willie. Critically he picked one up. "Your octagon looks like it had a hard night. Your cube's better, but look what you've done to this tetrahedron—"

"Maybe," said Willie, eagerly vacating the chair, "you could do better."

Charley did not hear. He stood staring at the figure in his hand. Then suddenly he sat down and reached for ruler and pencil. His voice was sharp.

"Is this all the cardboard you've got, son?"

"Yeah."

"Run get me a dozen more sheets."



EXCEPT that he continued to find various clever little ways of clipping corners off the budget, it was

Buy 'em, steal 'em, anything—but get 'em. Then clear out, both of you. I've got work to do."

AMY finally got him to bed at 3:30, but he was up again at 6:45 tossing the odds and ends he would need into a pasteboard carton. A piece of toast and a cup of coffee was all the breakfast Amy could get down him. Giving up finally, she and Willie stationed themselves beside the carton, watching each new item that went in.

"Ping-pong balls! Charley, what on earth do you want with ping-pong balls?"

"Golf balls are too heavy," he snapped. "Where's our big electric fan."

"Coffee cans," Willie muttered, as Charley stashed two more items in the box. "I got it, mom. He's fixed the budget by selling coffee and renting ping-pong sets to the fellows on the job. Want the paddles too, pop?"

"What would I want the paddles for?" Charley demanded. "Amy, where are those toy blocks Willie used to play with? And, Willie, run into the living room and get me that box of tets I made last night."

"I beg your pardon?" Willie said. "Bring you what?"

"The tetrahedrons, dummy. What do you study geometry for anyhow?"

"Oh," Willie said.

They watched him carry the box to the car.

In his office he cleared everything off the desk. The polished wooden surface was too slick, but a desk blotter would take care of that. He dug out a report on levee repair work done by the Army Engineers on the Lower Mississippi in '33 and opened it to a marked page. No wonder he'd had trouble finding it! Who would think of flood repair work in connection with this dam closure problem?

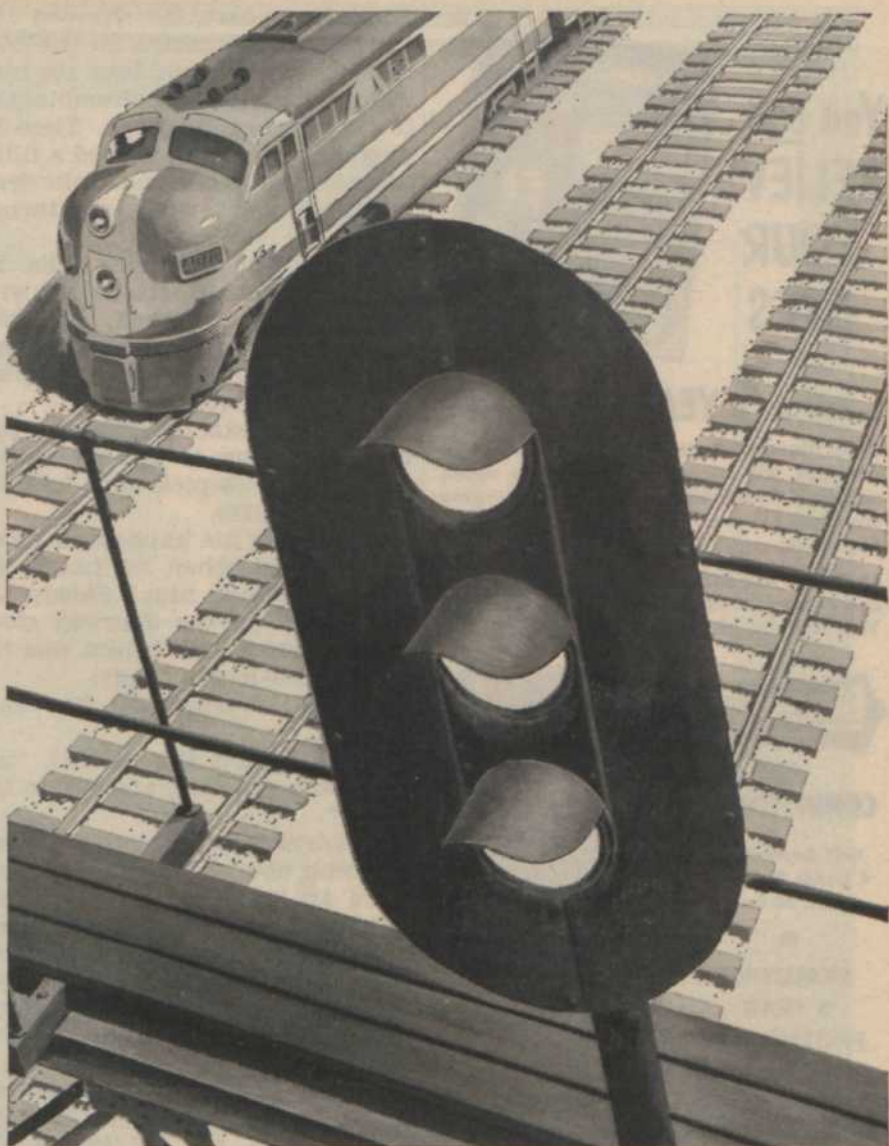
As he reread the article he unconsciously unlaced his shoes, slipped them off and rested his feet on the desk. When he had finished, he closed his eyes and tried to anticipate each question Colonel Brock would ask.

"Pardon me," a woman's voice said from the doorway. "I hate to interrupt your nap, but could you direct me to—"

He opened his eyes, got a vague impression of a plump, middle-aged, reporterish-looking woman, and said impatiently, "Technical information is two doors down the hall on your left, ma'am."

The woman disappeared and he went to work.

First he spread the desk blotter.



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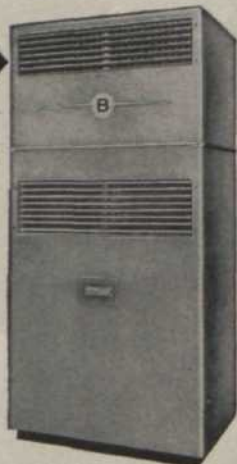
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Setting his two empty coffee cans 12 inches apart, he dumped the contents of the carton on the floor and cut the carton into six-inch wide strips which he thumbtacked to the sides of the desk. Then he plugged in the fan, shoved a filing cabinet close to one end of the desk, put the fan on top of it and turned it on.

He tried the ping-pong balls. He tried the blocks. He tried them with long strings attached, he tried them running free; he tried them with the fan on low speed, medium speed, high speed.

They did exactly what he had expected them to do. He smiled and stooped to pick up a handful of tetrahedrons.

He was on his hands and knees on the floor when he heard the cough behind him. Slowly he looked up. In the doorway stood Colonel Brock. With him was the reporterish-looking lady.

"Good morning," he said brightly.

"What," said the colonel, "are you doing crawling around on the floor?"

A horrible suspicion suddenly dawning upon him, Charley muttered an inane excuse. Somehow he got to his feet. Vaguely he heard Colonel Brock introduce his lady companion as Senator Hunt, heard the lady murmur with distinct reserve, "I believe we've met—after a fashion."

During a somewhat heavy silence Senator Hunt took in Charley's shoeless feet, the toy blocks, the ping-pong balls.

"And what do you do, Mr. Adams?" she asked at last.

"I'm an hydraulics engineer."

"I see. And these toys?"

Charley's collar seemed uncomfortably tight. "Well, I'm using them in a sort of experiment."

Senator Hunt's eyebrows lifted ever so slightly. Colonel Brock's cold blue eyes lifted to Charley's.

"I'm sure Senator Hunt would be interested in an explanation, Charley. As a matter of fact, so would I."

From somewhere McCall, Parker, Gerber and other personnel had appeared. Charley took a deep breath. Moving over behind the desk, he took a pencil out of his pocket and tapped the green blotter.

"This, we'll say, is the river. These two coffee cans are the sheet pile casings loaded with rock ballast on either side of the gap we've got to close.

"The air stream from the fan is the current of the river."

He paused, while Colonel Brock said to Senator Hunt, "He's talking

about the closure problem I explained to you."

"Yes," Senator Hunt said shortly, "go on Mr. Adams."

"Let's suppose," Charley said, "that these ping-pong balls are eight-ton spherical blocks cast of concrete. When you drop them into the current they'll roll—like this." He demonstrated. "Even if you fasten a steel cable to each one, you'll still have a tough time keeping them where you want them—like this."

"Suppose," he went on, "instead of round blocks we use square ones. They'll roll some, too, though not as badly as the others. But what happens when you set them on top of one another and they have to take the force of the current?" He built a wall of toy blocks, turned the fan up one notch. "They'll topple—like that."

"I understand," Senator Hunt said, but the colonel merely grunted.

"So—?"

Charley stooped and picked up a double handful of tetrahedrons.

Disenchanted Evening

*Some parties this comment could
Truly be made of:*

*They're parties good men should
Have come to the aid of.*

—Irene Warsaw

As he talked he dropped them one by one to the desk top. "Concrete blocks cast in this shape—the shape of a four-sided, triangular pyramid—will give us a minimum of roll. Not only that, but they'll have a tendency to lock with one another—which square blocks wouldn't—and the stronger the current against them the tighter they'll lock." He dropped the last of the tets to the table, turned the fan up to its highest speed and said, "Like that."

The colonel gave little sign he had even been listening. As the other engineers closed in around the desk and started asking and answering their own questions as to method of casting the blocks, method of handling, method of dropping them, number needed, the colonel still took no part. But at last he looked at Charley and said, "Where'd you dig up an idea like that?"

"It was used on a small scale on a levee repair job in '33. The blocks

were only 12 inches on a side. I see no reason why larger ones wouldn't work."

"Well," the colonel said, "we'll look into it."

For the colonel, that was a rare display of enthusiasm.

Charley was late getting home that evening, so he phoned Amy from the garage to ask if she and Willie would like to go out with him to dinner.

"Oh, Charley, you aren't forgetting our budget!"

"Of course I'm not," he said stiffly. "Get your hat. I'll pick you up in ten minutes."

She was ready and so was Willie, but they both looked at him queerly when he opened the front door and came into the living room. Amy said, "Are you—do you feel better now, dear?"

"A bit tired, that's all. Come on, let's go."

"Hey!" Willie said from the window. "There's a cab out front."

"Yes," Charley said, "and we mustn't keep it waiting."

"Wha' happen to the car?"

"I left it at the garage to have a bit of work done on it. The brake linings were shot, they told me at the garage."

Seated in the restaurant, Amy took up the matter again. "And what is the car bill going to do to our budget?"

"Here we go again!" Willie muttered. "Is it okay if I eat while you two hassle?"

The hassle died a-borning. At that moment Colonel Brock, his wife and Senator Hunt came into the room. Senator Hunt saw Charley at once, turned and murmured something to the colonel. The next thing Charley knew, Amy, Willie and himself were seated at the colonel's table.

"Colonel Brock tells me," said the senator with a smile, "that your husband is something of a genius when it comes to cutting corners on construction costs. You should be very proud of him."

Amy modestly said that she was. Willie gave his father a quick, puzzled look, then devoted his attention to his steak.

"In fact," Senator Hunt went on, "the colonel says that an idea your husband suggested today will cut close to \$500,000 from the over-all cost of the dam—"

There was a brief interruption while Charley slapped Willie on the back to dislodge a piece of steak that had tried to go down the wrong way. But the colonel's steak must have agreed with him. Because he was smiling at Charley. He actually was.



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America Revisited

(Continued from page 29)

time? Also, why should there not be economic fluctuations? Surely, these are the very essence of capitalism and private enterprise. Conditions today differ widely from those of 20 years ago and the economic strength of the nation is so stupendous that a moderate decline in business, far from being dangerous, would probably do it good. I believe the pessimists are underestimating the great self-stabilizing forces of the American economy. The U. S. is perhaps the only country in the world that can have both the guns and the butter, provided it uses its resources in an intelligent way.

But, and this is a headache which seems not to bother anybody, is America, in fact, using her resources in a way that can be described as intelligent? It seems to me that the scale on which Uncle Sam is wasting men, time, money and goods nowadays both at home and abroad by far surpasses even his own notorious squandermania. I know, of course, that anything not wasteful would not amuse anybody in this country. To be American a thing must be expensive, improvised and start with a bunch of enthusiastic amateurs who learn their trade as they go—at the expense of the taxpayer, and frequently also at the expense of the assignment which is entrusted to them.

Two world wars and the grim 20 years between them prove this. Since V-J Day, however, all the previous records have been beaten. One novelty is the scale of the present-day waste; another—the apparently inexhaustible supply of public relations officers of both sexes whose job presumably is to explain to Americans and foreigners alike just what it is all about, but who, so far, have failed to answer the question: can Uncle Sam, whose wealth is not, after all, limitless, afford to disregard the most elementary rules of economic practice, sound housekeeping and efficiency?

After all, America is fairly inefficient. To be sure, in the production of consumer durables, machines and gadgets, Americans can claim an unusual standard of perfection, although, even in this respect, the Swiss who have little mass production and no huge market are at least as capable. I can think of several other nations

whose technical performance compares not unfavorably with that of the Americans.

But admitting, for the sake of the argument, that in the workshop and the assembly line Americans are full of know-how, efficiency and skill, can anybody seriously claim that this nation also displays similar qualities in transacting its ordinary day-to-day affairs, in handling its human problems, in its politics, or in its administration?

Everything has become so over-organized, everything is so fantastically overstaffed and departmentalized that no one is responsible any longer, and you hardly ever meet a person capable or willing to take a final decision. Even the executive head of a government agency, a department store, a newspaper office, a travel bureau or an industrial firm, invariably informs you that he "must talk it over with the boys." If your man is in a slightly less exalted position, he is sure to tell you sooner or later that he "has to talk it over with the boss."

After that, you hear nothing for a long time. If you inquire whether anything has yet emerged from your discussions, you may expect the following two answers:

First, somebody who knows nothing about the whole affair and to whom you have to explain it from the start, will tell you, "Let me check on it." Then, having kept you waiting for a long time, he will inform you that "the boys are working on it."

The boys are always working on it. After years of experience I have grown accustomed to this answer. It is difficult in America to obtain information on any subject, and what is more, to get answers that are prompt and correct.

In most other countries, every hotel, big or small, has a uniformed and very superior servant called the "hall porter" or *concierge*. He not only combines the duties of captain of bellboys, chief doorman, and luggage supervisor, but he is also a "fixer," a one-man travel office, employment bureau, theatrical agent, shopping guide, financial adviser, matrimonial and even extra-matrimonial consultant—in fact, he is a font of information and good advice.

He usually has all the answers at his fingertips. A good *concierge* knows by heart the world's princi-



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pal air, train and shipping connections, not to mention all the traveling details within his own and neighboring countries. In some foreign capitals the principal hotel concierges are at least as important, and certainly more competent and affluent than the prime minister. In America, alas, this institution is unknown. That is why reliable information is so hard to get, and why the would-be traveler has to waste hours with travel agents or at the railway station.

If it were true that time is money, the Americans would be a bankrupt nation by now. Think, for instance, of the small amount of time you waste every day just to get a shoe shine. Even in the smallest and cheapest hotels throughout Europe your shoes are cleaned at night by the hotel staff at no extra charge. In America you have to rush around looking for a barber shop or an individual shoe shine boy, and by the time you have found one, there are several fellows who managed to get there ahead of you.

Also I know of no other country where so much time is spent on waiting or on telephoning, for instance. Almost always the girl or the man attending to you at some office or a shop, suddenly receives a telephone call and then engages in a seemingly endless conversation. You sit and listen to a full report of the happenings of the past 24 hours in his or her life. Repeatedly, it looks as if the conversation were nearing its end, but all of a sudden it flares up again, and an entirely new verbal torrent begins, strangely unrelated to the previous one and just as long. The telephone is a great invention, but in America, somebody should invent a gadget for automatically disconnecting useless blabbing.

The American public, like any other public, is immensely absorbed in its own daily problems and chores. It is interested in gossip, scandal, and trivia which mean precious little to foreign countries and to which the visitor from abroad reacts according to his degree of familiarity with the American scene. The world has come upon America with such speed and with such violence that the impact manifests itself in an endless variety of ways. I find the spectacle fascinating and I have never had a dull moment while over here. Am I coming back? Well, I hope so.

At any rate "the boys are working on it."

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We're Using the Socialist Soapbox

(Continued from page 45)

stantly outvoted on the U. S. delegation, why don't the employers simply wash their hands of the ILO altogether?"

Some industrial leaders would adopt this course. But a little deliberation reveals two basic reasons why employer organizations must not ostracize the ILO, but instead take a more aggressive role than in the past.

First, if the employers refuse to participate in selecting the American employer delegate, the President could choose one anyhow, and the choice might not be truly representative of American management but still be declared to reflect the attitude of U. S. employers to the world.

Second, the United States is inextricably involved in world affairs. As the most powerful advocate of freedom and a free way of life, we must take the responsibility of leadership in the fight against Communism but, at the same time guard against our falling into the camp of socialism while battling a common foe, Communism. As a matter of enlightened self-interest, management must continually accept this responsibility, and the ILO—as a major auxiliary to the United Nations—offers us a specific opportunity to do so.

As representatives of American employers began to show interest in ILO activities, the American employer delegate and his team of advisers began to try to "sell" the American way to better methods and to a higher standard of living. We've been carrying on a spirited attack on the philosophy that increased government is the panacea for economic troubles. We've been hammering home the cold fact that, under the impetus of a free, competitive capitalism, American management and labor have combined their know-how and ingenuity to produce more things better, faster, and at lower prices. We have, together, done the best job in the world, and yet we're criticized when we try to "sell" our know-how.

Although a shrewd French observer, Alexis de Tocqueville, first

spotted this American way 100 years ago, the industrial countries of Europe have adopted an approach in which both management and labor favored a system which resulted in restricted production, the employer to assure high prices and the workers to safeguard their jobs.

This fear psychology, as I see it, helps explain why, before World War II, the average output per man-hour in the United States was nearly three times as high as in Great Britain; more than three times as high as in France. Since the end of that war, when British and French production have been



crawling ahead at a snail's pace, American production has been widening the gap even further. We tolerantly recognize that Europe has felt the heavy hand of wars and so forth, but their choice for restricted production was the same before and after the wars.

During the past three years, the American employer team at the ILO, while still a minority voice, has nonetheless been making itself heard with bold nonpartisan facts. An incident at the close of the 1950 ILO conference left no doubt that our voice was making an impression. The presiding officer, Jagivan Ram, an Untouchable who had risen to become Indian Minister of

Labor, electrified the assembly by declaring that, inasmuch as most governments of the world are pro-labor, the time had come for the ILO to stop worrying about such things as the right to strike and stress instead the right to produce, to increase efficiency, and to increase productivity.

The American employer delegation in the ILO no longer sits back and watches the show. We scrutinize every issue, challenge every socialistic proposal, fight to get recognition of the American way, but reserve the freedom of choice for any nation to run itself as it desires. Although a minority, the militant opposition of American management, for example, blocked the death sentence proposed for private employment agencies. We plan a similar fight on the social security proposal.

We've also been gaining adherents to our belief that the ILO has been adopting too many conventions, most of which are ignored; or if ratified, honored principally in the breach. The ILO has adopted exactly 100 conventions, and received 1,200 commitments to put one or more of these treaties into operation within individual countries.

These figures may appear to be at first glance impressive. But then we find that Bulgaria, shot through with slave-labor camps, leads the world with 62 ratifications. Similarly, the Latin American countries are high on ratification, weak on performance. In these cases, ratification of the convention is all too often a sham, useful in vote-getting at home.

Further analysis shows that many government delegates vote for adoption of conventions which they know their countries never will ratify. Our United States government delegates voted in favor of 43 conventions which never went to the Senate or were never okayed—and which the American government delegates should have realized had little or no chance for ratification. Actually, the United States Senate has ratified only six conventions, five dealing with maritime matters, and one dealing with ILO procedure. So, from the propaganda point of view, the United States, with the highest living standard, has just about the worst record in ratification.

The American employer delega-

tion has been battling against this indiscriminate adoption of conventions, which to us in the United States are detailed, specific treaties, and urging instead the adoption of recommendations, which state general principles instead of detailed programs.

At the same time, we are seeking a change in the ILO constitution which presently requires a two-thirds vote of the ILO conference for approval of a convention. We want a more representative system, a two-thirds vote of each group of delegates—government, worker and employer—on conventions or treaties.

We are seeking other changes to make the ILO less partial, more truly tripartite. We want, for instance, an International Labor Office that is truly neutral, and not as now, top-heavy with pro-labor, pro-socialist officials who've had little or no management experience or enthusiasm for presenting the tripartite point of view.

American employers are also seeking a more truly tripartite American delegation to the ILO. We've no interest in selection of the American worker delegate; that's an AFL-CIO fight. But we'd like to have some say in the selection of the two government delegates. Instead of the Labor Department selecting these, it would be more tripartite to have the Labor Department pick one and the Commerce Department pick the other. Or have the State Department select both government delegates.

Even more than equal representation, we'd like to see the formation of an unpartisan, all-American team of delegates, who would make the most of a great opportunity to tell and "sell" the world on the American way of life.

Is such a team possible? It is.

As David Dubinsky, one of the most progressive American labor leaders, has reputedly observed: "Labor needs capitalism like a fish needs water."

American employers and workers have together produced the highest standard of living in the world because, fundamentally, both believe in free, competitive enterprise, increasing productivity, and a fair sharing of the benefits from increased production among employers, workers, and the public.

Working together, American industry and labor can help raise the living standards of the workers of the world through the ILO—not by acquiescing to socialism, but by holding firmly to our own successful formula—the American way.



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Out of This World

(Continued from page 42)

the seventeenth century, was pre-occupied with plans for reaching the moon when he wasn't engaged with plays, novels and duels.

Perhaps the greatest satire ever written, Jonathan Swift's "Gulliver's Travels," was pure science fiction, constructing as it did a society that gave Swift a springboard for lampooning the customs and attitudes of the eighteenth century. H. G. Wells' sardonic commentaries on the human race two centuries later probably were inspired by Swift. The most famous practitioner of the craft between Swift and Wells was Jules Verne, whose explorations under the sea and through the air ocean were noteworthy for technical validity. Verne's books revived popular interest in voyages to planets, lost continents and subterranean depths, but they marked the end of the romantic era in good science fiction.

Wells introduced a philosophical theme that gave his work the maturity most of his predecessors lacked. He took it for granted that wonderful gadgets like robots, rockets and globe-girdling planes would be invented. He was concerned with the uses men would make of their creations. He preferred to explore the uncharted corridors of the mind rather than the wild blue yonder and he foresaw the future with frightening clarity. Above all, Wells feared that man would lose his soul and eventually destroy himself in the Machine Age if his sense of moral responsibility failed to keep pace with his inventive ingenuity. Wells warned that the Machine would dominate man unless it was used wisely and ethically.

It took most science fictionists—as well as statesmen and pure scientists—a generation to catch up to Wells. In the 1930's, writers still were discussing wonder gadgets and weird inhabitants of other worlds. The Electronic Age was around the corner and what appears to be teen-age stuff today was bold and exciting then. In the 1940's, it was difficult to startle readers with dreamed-up gadgets when such weapons as the V-1 and V-2, the proximity fuse, the superfort and radar were developed under the impetus of the war.

Interplanetary visitors bringing new cultural patterns were popular with both writers and readers who

were groping for the answers that disturbed men of good will everywhere. In the 1950's, those answers are being suggested by new sociological concepts designed to make the Machine a force for good instead of destruction.

The current trend was foreshadowed as far back as 1941 by Robert A. Heinlein, an Annapolis graduate who is one of the most prolific, and soundest, men in the field. Heinlein uses several pseudonyms and his most famous story, "Solution Unsatisfactory," appeared under the by-line of Anson MacDonald in *Astounding Science Fiction*. The story predicted that the United States would launch a staggering program to develop an atomic weapon from U-235 and would use it to end a war by obliterating an enemy city. (Remember, this was in 1941, before we were at war, four years before Hiroshima and Nagasaki were familiar names to every schoolboy.)

Now go on with the story, as they said in the old cliff-hanging serials. The awful devastation of America's secret weapon reveals its nature to scientists. Any country can duplicate it and Russia soon does. Since there is no defense against the atomic bomb, every nation but Russia recognizes the need for international controls. A period of uneasy peace ends when Russia wages a short, sharp atomic war on the United States and loses it. A political fight follows between the United States and proponents of world government, overwhelmingly favored by public opinion. Our atomic weapons are surrendered to an international police authority that enforces the peace by controlling the production and use of atomic energy.

"There was only one fault with the thesis of Heinlein's yarn," Campbell comments. "Who polices the police? That's why I changed his title to 'Solution Unsatisfactory.' No nation is ready yet to sacrifice its sovereignty to an international authority because people are unwilling to think for themselves instead of accepting any distorted statement leaders ram down their throats. We won't have world government until people get rid of their mental laziness. The science fiction boys are trying to change our short-sighted thinking by describing the inevitable mess that will follow if we stay in the same, old rut."

It is significant that all of the science fiction writers in the upper echelon are staunch world-government men. Their characters are not heroes and villains in the con-

ventional sense. The heroes do not protect widows, children and ravishing blondes from the nefarious schemes of bad guys lusting for money and you know what. The good guys are knights in electronic armor fighting ignorant people whose viewpoints are contrary to the common goals of mankind. The conflict is not between boy and girl or virtue and vice. It is between Enlightenment, represented by idealistic scientists, and Stupidity.

"Sure, most of our heroes are scientists, and why not?" Campbell demands. "Psychologists have shown they can't control unstable minds, but physicists have licked unstable nuclei. The physical scientist always is looking to improve his product, but the sociologist still is bound to tired traditions that have gotten us into trouble as long as history has been recorded. What's made America the country it is? There's always been a conviction here that there must be a better way to do it. We build cars, planes, household appliances to last indefinitely, but we know there will be models next year that will be better. The customers know it too. That's why our industrial capacity is so enormous. There's always a better way to do it. American technologists have proved it's possible in their sphere. Why not extend that attitude to human relationships?"

"The way it's going now, we're no smarter than the cave man. His fundamental problems were food and covering for his naked body. Well, for a couple of thousand millenniums the dope did it the hard way. He went out in search of food- and fur-bearing animals. Then one day a guy a little brighter than the rest figured a way to make the animals come to him. He dug a pit for trapping beasts and raised them in his own back yard. Now the problem is survival, how to stop from blowing ourselves up. The only people who are taking time out to think about it are scientists and my guys, the science fiction writers. They haven't got all the answers, but at least they're coming up with some provocative ideas."

A lot of good that is. Those birds are as pessimistic as you can find. Most of them envision a cataclysmic war with wholesale killing before man's machines and creative gifts are harnessed to constructive uses.

Campbell shrugs. "So what? Maybe you'll live through it. If you don't, think of the better future for posterity, old boy. You've got to take the long view on these things."

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Whether your business validates, approves, dates, receipts, numbers, codes or cancels invoices, purchase orders, shipping or receiving tickets, sales slips, coupons, labels or other internal papers, a Cummins Perforator can pay its cost many times over.* And there's no skips, no smearing, no illegibility, no chance of later alteration for intentional or unintentional re-use or re-payment.

There's a Cummins Perforator that fits your business and your needs—and brings you 20 to 1 savings in time and salaries. Get the facts today.

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FREE Booklet!

Write name and address in margin and mail to:
SWIFT BUSINESS MACHINES CORP.
Great Barrington, Mass.

Highball Down Through Dixie

(Continued from page 32)

able industrial setup the I.C. is rated among the better railroads. I chose it for its fiscal success and because it runs through the heart of the nation from north to south; does a tremendous international and seaport business but its standby is such good old American products as grain, coal and wood; it is 101 years old and has gone through every depression without bankruptcy—but the bankruptcy application was actually drawn up at one point in the last depression.

Its weather problem includes the cold of the Middle West and the heat of the deep South. If the I.C. is to be faulted as a choice, it can only be on the matter of terrain. Its terrain problems are comparatively mild, having only a small mountain area and a small swamp area. It is, however, constantly at the mercy of the Mississippi.

At 7 p.m. I stumbled across the rails and ties of the I.C.'s Chicago yards which parallel Michigan Boulevard. These tracks were once atop piling sunk on the shores of Lake Michigan. Chicago swapped open water for the breakwater it needed.

The MS-1, the Merchandise Special, was ready. In its 80 cars were products brought in by six railroads plus the outpourings of the mighty Middle West meat packers, Sears Roebuck, and other great Midwestern merchants. We were scheduled out of Chicago at 7:40 and due in Memphis at 10:20 the next morning.

In the caboose of MS-1 a conductor (the boss of any train) and a rear brakeman were getting ready for the short run out to Markham yards where a new engine and crew would take us to Champaign, the first division point. On a freight train the entire crew is changed at division points which can be anywhere from 100 to 250 miles apart. Passenger train operations call for engineer changes at division points but sometimes a conductor and brakeman will run two divisions. The safety factor inherent in this expensive short-time use of personnel is obvious.

At Markham we picked up the consist—or manifest—and the new crew. A trainmaster joined us in the caboose, too. We got our instructions. As we started moving, the brakeman climbed into the

Pete Progress and the man who wore blinders

Aren't you one of Harry Brown's boys? asked Pete.

Yup, said the man in the blinders, I'm the oldest. I'm Harry, Jr.

How come you always wear those blinders? asked Pete.

Don't dare take 'em off, said Harry, Jr. I'm so busy about my own business I can't be bothered with other folks.

Can you see that fire truck over there across the street? asked Pete.

Nope, said Harry, Jr. But if I turn around I can.

Turn around, said Pete.

By golly, it must be older than I am, said Harry, Jr.

This town has three more just like it, said Pete. Do you own a house?

Do I own a house? asked Harry, Jr. Why I own at least seven houses!

Suppose they all caught fire at once? asked Pete, slyly.

Gosh! said Harry, Jr. I got to do something about this. I'll see the mayor.

Wait a minute, said Pete. Can you see the foundling home down the block?

Can if I turn around, said Harry, Jr.

Well, turn around, said Pete.

Gosh! That's a rickety old place, said Harry, Jr. There must be a hundred kids there. We got to do something.

Now you're talking, said Pete. And we . . . that is, the chamber of commerce, can do something about it with the help of civic-minded men like you, men who want to give rather than to take.

I'm your boy, said Harry, Jr. Just wait till I take off these blinders and give them to some deserving horse.

Your chamber of commerce has a lot to do, too. Are you ready to help?



cupola and the conductor sat down to make out his wheel report from the consist. That was simply checking the weight of the train's load to be sure the engine was sufficiently powerful to pull it the required distance.

The conductor worked from about three feet of closely filled teletype paper. He knew the weight, origin, content, destination, and icing and heating problems of each of the 80 cars. There was grain from Minneapolis bound for Columbus, Ga.; meat from Cedar Rapids headed for Jacksonville; apples all the way from Washington destined for the markets of New Orleans.

This manifest kept being changed by teletype as we moved south and new cars were added and others were cut out at switching points. All along the way the teletype gave ample warning that we were coming, what we would need and what we carried.

We were clicking along at 50 miles an hour when, from the cupola atop the caboose, came the brakeman's shout, "Red order board." The train slowed to 40 and the conductor leaned far out a window into the night. There was a flash of light as we whooshed past a station and I saw the conductor's arm swoop down and out of sight. He stepped back from the window and I saw a string dangling around his shoulders. He had snatched the string out of a forked stick held up to him by a man on the ground. Tied to the string were two pieces of tissue paper, one pink and the other green. We had picked up train orders.

The pink slip read, "I have one order for you." The green slip was the order: "Slow down to 30 miles through Manteno interlocking. New rail." These orders had been wired to the station from the office of the dispatcher controlling that division. A dispatcher knows where every train on the division is at every minute.

The engineer had picked up the same set of orders on the head end. All rules on railroads are rigid but none are so strict as those covering the delivery of train orders on the fly. If either the engineer or conductor fails to snag the orders, the train must stop at once. If the pink slip says "I have two (or six) orders for you" and the designated number is not in the bundle the train stops. The man on the ground uses a light stick, but it could smash a hand at 40 miles an hour so the crewmen learn dexterity. Some make a fist and swing it into the looped string on the stick, others

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GENERAL  **ELECTRIC**

WANTED

16 million tons of "dormant scrap" needed to keep steel production up

If you were down to only a few days' supply of raw materials would you call it an emergency?

That's the grim situation the steel mills face. They're desperately short of scrap. Some have only a week's supply on hand. Others have even less. Any bad snow storms could delay shipments long enough for some of these meager scrap piles to disappear entirely. More scrap is urgently needed.

That's why we are calling on you—the top executives of American business—to do even more than you have, to get every last pound of scrap out of your shops and factories and to the scrap dealers. Unless this scrap is turned in, it will be impossible to turn out the 118 million tons of steel that are slated for production this year, and next.

To make this steel—every ton of which is vitally needed—the mills must get nearly one and a half million tons of industry's dormant scrap every month. This means that every old machine, every piece of worn-out or obsolete equipment, every steel appliance or structure, that is no longer usable—or that you have been hanging on to just because "it might come in handy some day"—must be ruthlessly scrapped. Only you have the authority to see that this is done. Can we count on your help?

Even if you manufacture nothing of steel, you'll be surprised how much scrap you can comb out of your place if you'll just do some drastic house cleaning and say "Scrap that stuff."

*Let us add your name to this
SCRAP DRIVE HONOR ROLL*



CLUETT, PEABODY & CO. INC. whose Arrow shirts and "Sanforized" trademark are world famous has done an outstanding job turning in "dormant" scrap. They write, "At our Leominster, Mass. plant we have disposed of 15¼ tons of scrap during the past few months. At the Troy plant, in the past month, we have disposed of 176,980 pounds of miscellaneous scrap metals. We are making an effort to get rid of all metal scrap as soon as any accumulates."†



GEO. A. HORMEL & CO. makers of SPAM and other famous meat products, report: "Since the first of January (1951) we have sold 250,000 pounds of scrap iron, in addition to other scrap metals. For an industry that does not primarily use steel in its production, we feel this is rather enlightening. In our own meat packing plant here in Austin, we have a continuous scrap drive and sell scrap each week in the year."†



THE ATLANTIC REFINING CO. reporting on the results of their scrap campaign say this: "During the past nine months we have collected and disposed of 3,143 tons of scrap—1,873 tons of which came from our Philadelphia refinery and the balance of 1,270 tons from other points. During the next three months we estimate a collection of 1,322 tons, which will make a total scrap collection of 4,465 tons for 1951."†

†These Scrap Drive reports are excerpted from letters to the American Iron and Steel Institute, Committee on Iron and Steel Scrap.



You'll find your local scrap dealers listed in the yellow pages of the telephone directory

UNITED STATES STEEL

2-367

hold out a flashlight to catch orders.

I asked the trainmaster if this process worked in reverse. Like all good railroaders he was proud of his trade so he merely grinned and asked, "Do you want some coffee?" I did, so he scribbled a note, twisted it into a long thin cone, pointed at one end and about a half inch in diameter at the other. As we flashed by a tower he tossed it out. A few miles south the brakeman yelled, "Orders on the board." In a minute he swooped in another string and a couple of pieces of tissue paper. The trainmaster handed them to me. The order read: "How much sugar, cream does Slocum want?" I told him and he tossed out the answer a bit later. The coffee was ready and right when we hit Champaign.

The order boards are built at certain stations and towers. The crews know their locations and are on the lookout for the red signal that means orders and the green one that means no orders. When

"When government sprawls all over the periphery, it becomes too big to watch, too big to control. Abuse of power and position are a natural corollary."

—D. A. Huley

the light is green all hands sing out happily, "Clear board."

It is hard to describe the extraordinary desire that fills every caboose and engine to get going; to keep moving; to get there on time. As each signal comes into sight every man sings out what it is. They are exultant when they can yell, "Highball" or "All Green" or "Green High" or "Clear Board." Those all mean the track ahead is clear and a good job of railroading can be done. There is a definite note of disappointment in the voices when they begin chanting "Red Board" which means they'll have to stop or "Yellow Board" which means they'll have to slow down. There are infinite variations of these slow and stop signs which can either halt a train in its tracks or bring it down to ten miles an hour.

If railroading is nothing else it is teamwork. Sitting in the cupola of the caboose I watched it in action. As northbound trains passed everybody stopped talking and peered intently at the passing wheels. When the train had passed, everybody said, "All black" and the

conductor raised and lowered his lantern toward the back of the receding train. From the other train a little white light danced up and down three or four times and disappeared.

The trains were telling each other this story: "We have looked at your wheels and there is no evidence of a hotbox or any other failure." "All black" means simply that no fire or sparks are flying from the train so the journals and brake rods are functioning properly. The highball is an up and down signal and next time you ride through the night watch for it. You'll see it flash from the rear end of passing trains; from towers and stations; and, most reassuring of all, you'll see it glimmer out of the black night, a signal of safety sent by a man who can't be seen, but who has taken the time from other duties to worry a minute about your safety.

If the ghostly lamp swings from right to left the train is stopped. If it swings in a circle it's the sign of a hotbox and the train is stopped. In the daytime the hotbox sign is holding the nose.

At Champaign the crews and engine were changed and I scrambled aboard a 2600 class engine, a mountain type, for the run to Centralia. The first thing I realized was that the fireman of song and story is gone from the railroads. No longer must he be a mighty mass of muscle. Our fireman was a chubby young man who looked like a jockey who had gone a bit fat. He merely twisted valves as an endless chain fed coal into the fire box, and five air jets distributed it evenly. The needle stayed steadily at 260 pounds pressure. At 275 it automatically blows off excess steam.

The engineer does most of his talking with his hands. But engineer, front brakeman, and fireman all sing out whatever they see on the signal boards to be certain nobody misses anything. As we picked up speed, one signal became more frequent. It was a finger pointed to the floor and it meant for the fireman to get out a rubber tube and hose down the hot plates. This cooling trick results in an explosion of steam within the cab that can scare the daylight out of the uninitiated, but it does cool things down. Nobody stands who can sit in an engine.

A small panel in front of the engineer relayed to him the message carried by the signals along the trackside. It is called automatic cab control and is helpful in bad weather. If the engineer fails to

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Beautifully designed, Victor Customs add, subtract, multiply, divide, automatically compute credit balance—and *even calculate!* They cut operating costs by simplifying figure-work and saving you the extra cost of more expensive figuring machines that need trained operators. *Anyone* can operate a Victor.

Super-Quiet Customs reduce office clatter, cut operator fatigue. A movable decimal marker, exclusive with Victor, speeds calculation. Allows operator to pre-set decimal places, eliminates counting columns on tape. Speeds all figure-work involving decimal equivalents.

There are 42 basic models in the Victor line, for all kinds of figure-work, *every size and type of business.* Invest in Victor today and get work-saving dividends for years to come.

*Based on scientifically controlled laboratory tests.



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The World's Largest Exclusive Manufacturers of Adding Machines
In Canada: McCaskey Systems Limited, Galt, Ontario

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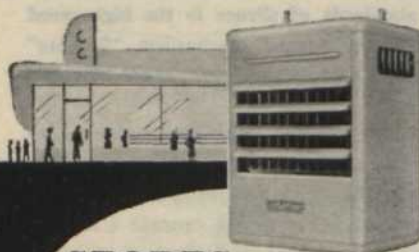


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BETTER TOWEL SERVICE • LESS COST
BAY WEST PAPER CO.
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STORES

PROVIDE BETTER COMFORT FOR YOU . . . with Reznor gas unit heaters. You have seen many of these units in your favorite stores. They block out chill at the entrance and provide lively warmth in every part of the building. . . Heat is made in the unit and fan-blown to the area where you are shopping . . . it's REZNOR comfort.



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Firm _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

follow his signals within six seconds the train stops automatically. This automatic cab control is not foolproof, being particularly sensitive to heavy, cold snowstorms. No railroader will rely happily on this system, but all like it.

As we drove through the night, eating up 44 miles in 55 minutes, the engineer, brakeman and fireman kept poking their heads out the windows to look back and inspect the wheels. Every few minutes one would sing out "All black." The best place for this wheel inspection is on a curve.

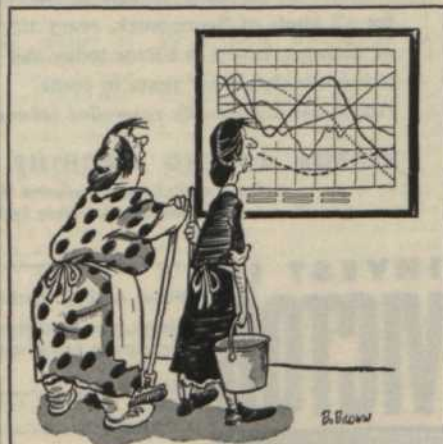
This battle against hotboxes, and to a lesser extent, broken brake rods, is unending on all railroads. Nobody yet has been able to eliminate the fire hazard resulting from the packing of truck journals with rags and oil. A hotbox, as such is nothing. But, if undetected, it builds up friction enough to cause an axle to snap. And that's disaster. A trained hand riding a caboose can stick his head out and smell a hotbox before the sparks and smoke are visible.

From Centralia to Fulton I rode the caboose. Then it was back to the engine for the homestretch run to Memphis.

I left MS-1 in Memphis and made the trip from there to New Orleans in the I.C.'s City of New Orleans, a lush all-coach train that makes the run from Chicago to New Orleans in five minutes less than 16 hours. It glistens and gleams and covers the 921.1 miles like the wind. It makes an average of \$5.60 per mile.

The City, besides being fast, has plenty of attendants, acceptable dining cars, a nurse and a steward. It is the I.C.'s answer to bus competition.

Answering the airplane competition is the Panama Limited which runs overnight between Chicago and New Orleans. The Limited is



"Somewhere in there is the reason we don't get a raise"

OVER HALF OF ALL TOP-RATED FIRMS USE *Speed Sweep*

THE BRUSH WITH THE STEEL BACK



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SMALL BUSINESS
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Nation's Business
the general magazine
for business men

MASS COVERAGE
OF BUSINESS MANAGEMENT

all Pullman and makes a gross income of \$3.35 per mile for the road.

Both the City and the Panama are diesel pulled, as are all the road's crack passenger trains. But an I.C. executive told me, "We aren't going to dieselize our entire railroad. Our biggest single customer is the coal industry. While that condition lasts we'll burn coal wherever we can."

The first diesel I rode was handled by an engineer who came aboard dressed in a rakish Panama hat, a yellow sport shirt, sharply creased fawn trousers and black and white sports shoes. A diesel handles a mite simpler than a large automobile.

But a good railroad isn't made just with good engines and good trains. You have to be sure the engines have freight to pull and the trains are loaded with clients. And everything has to work.

The I.C. fights for things to fill its freights. To find new markets, it has sent men and broadsides throughout Latin America boasting first of mid-America and, incidentally, of a certain railroad that serves mid-America. The I.C., maintaining close relationship with state governments, is prepared to move your freight or help you find a place to build a factory where you will not be taxed out of business.

It'll breed your cow to a prize bull it owns or it'll show you how to improve your wood forest or your potatoes—all for free. It has bought, hauled and given away fertilizer when times were tough and they wanted some fruits and vegetables to ship.

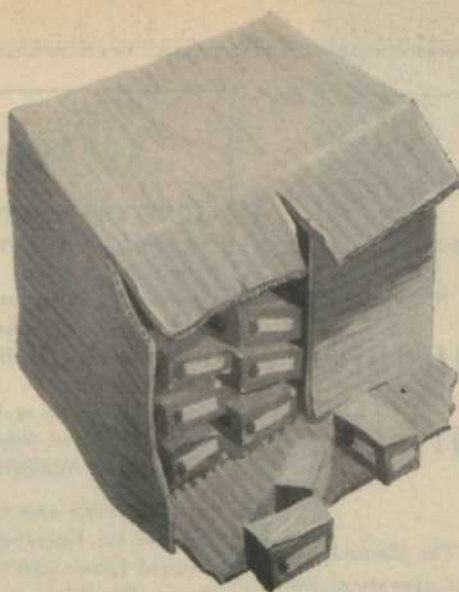
It is a modern railroad selling a service and doing a public service. And, like many other railroads, the I.C. is making money.

And it does do a service. Last year freak ice storms in Mississippi tore down 3,000 wire poles, ruined every signaling device in the area, and made railroading hazardous and unprofitable, but the I.C. dug up 32 amateur radio operators around Jackson, Miss., put them in trains, cars, on mules, and anything that would move. With these amateurs they kept their road running. It would have been easy to shut down for a few days, but it wouldn't have been railroading.

I asked Johnston if he saw anything in the future in railroading that would make it less fun or less profitable. He said,

"Oh, brother. I wish I was 20 again and going railroading for a living."

So do I. But Johnston can keep his president's job. I want to be an engineer on a 2600 class locomotive.



after all your planning

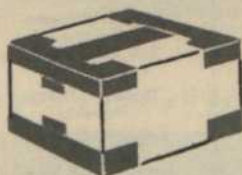
... to make a better product

... after all the advertising and sales expense to move it ... it really *hurts* to lose good will and customers because merchandise doesn't arrive safely at destination—or to lose money replacing damaged goods.

Shipping losses have become a serious drain on modern business—more than \$182,000,000 worth of merchandise has been damaged in transit since 1948, says the Association of American Railroads.

Just how much *your* company's share of this appalling loss amounts to depends to a large extent on the closure method your shipping department employs in packaging merchandise for shipment.

There is one carton closure method that will do the job most efficiently.



Recent impartial tests prove

**Your Shipments are SAFEST
Sealed with Gummed Sealing Tape**

This fact was conclusively proved in recent impartial tests made by Container Laboratories, Incorporated, of New York. There, the six most widely used closure methods were subjected to rigid comprehensive performance tests simulating actual conditions met by shipments in transit. And in all the tests GUMMED SEALING TAPE PROVED BEST.

Would you like to have the head of your shipping department see the results of these tests? We shall be glad to see that he is supplied with literature describing them and telling **HOW TO SEAL IT RIGHT WITH GUMMED TAPE.** There's a brochure, too, for executives that tells the complete story. Just take a moment and fill out the coupon.

**THIS ADVERTISEMENT
AND OFFER
WILL NOT BE REPEATED
USE THIS COUPON NOW**

THE GUMMED INDUSTRIES ASSOCIATION, INC.
19 WEST 44th STREET, NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

Please send me brochure for executives.

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The VALUE that cannot be measured...

THIS is the time of year when The Home Insurance Company reports on its operations and progress for the previous year. In so doing, as you will note, we list the physical assets of the company.

One of our most fundamental assets, however, cannot be listed and evaluated in dollars. That asset is the close bond of personal interest and friendship that has always existed between The Home and the policyholders it serves.

This asset has a threefold source. In part, it springs from the very nature of the business in which The Home is engaged. No field of activity is more deeply personal than the field of property insurance... the protection of a man's home, his business, his cherished possessions. Another underlying stimulus of this friendly relationship is the natural concern any policyholder feels regarding the company which provides him protection, and his loyalty to a company which proves itself worthy of loyalty. The third source lies in the whole business philosophy of The Home and its more than 40,000 agents and representatives... a warm and human way of doing business on the directly personal level; a relationship of people with people—people supplying service to people with a need for that service.

To the stockholders who own The Home, no asset is of greater value. Every premium payment, every policy, every claim and every benefit that make up the story of The Home for 1951 is a direct outgrowth of that bond of friendly interest.

It is the foundation on which The Home builds.

Sincerely,

Harold V. Smith

PRESIDENT

Balance Sheet

	December 31, 1951
ADMITTED ASSETS	
United States Government Bonds	\$ 94,712,097.11
Other Bonds	61,066,023.83
Preferred and Common Stocks	137,331,389.75
Cash in Office, Banks and Trust Companies	34,525,001.17
Investment in The Home Indemnity Company . . .	16,775,982.44
Real Estate	6,804,977.76
Agents' Balances or Uncollected Premiums . . .	19,562,958.04
Other Admitted Assets	4,154,929.80
Total Admitted Assets	<u>\$374,933,359.90</u>
LIABILITIES AND CAPITAL	
Reserve for Unearned Premiums	\$163,843,315.15
Unpaid Losses and Loss Expenses	33,259,160.83
Taxes Payable	7,500,000.00
Reserves for Reinsurance	1,783,086.36
Dividends Declared	3,600,000.00
Other Liabilities	4,596,351.05
Total Liabilities	<u>\$214,581,913.39</u>
Capital Stock	\$ 20,000,000.00
Surplus	<u>140,351,446.51</u>
Surplus as Regards Policyholders	<u>\$160,351,446.51</u>
Total	<u>\$374,933,359.90</u>

NOTES: Bonds carried at \$5,514,759 Amortized Value and Cash \$80,000 in the above balance sheet are deposited as required by law. All securities have been valued in accordance with the requirements of the National Association of Insurance Commissioners. Based on December 31, 1951 market quotations for all bonds and stocks owned, the Total Admitted Assets would be \$371,808,657 and the Surplus as Regards Policyholders would be \$157,226,744.



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*Elected January 14, 1952

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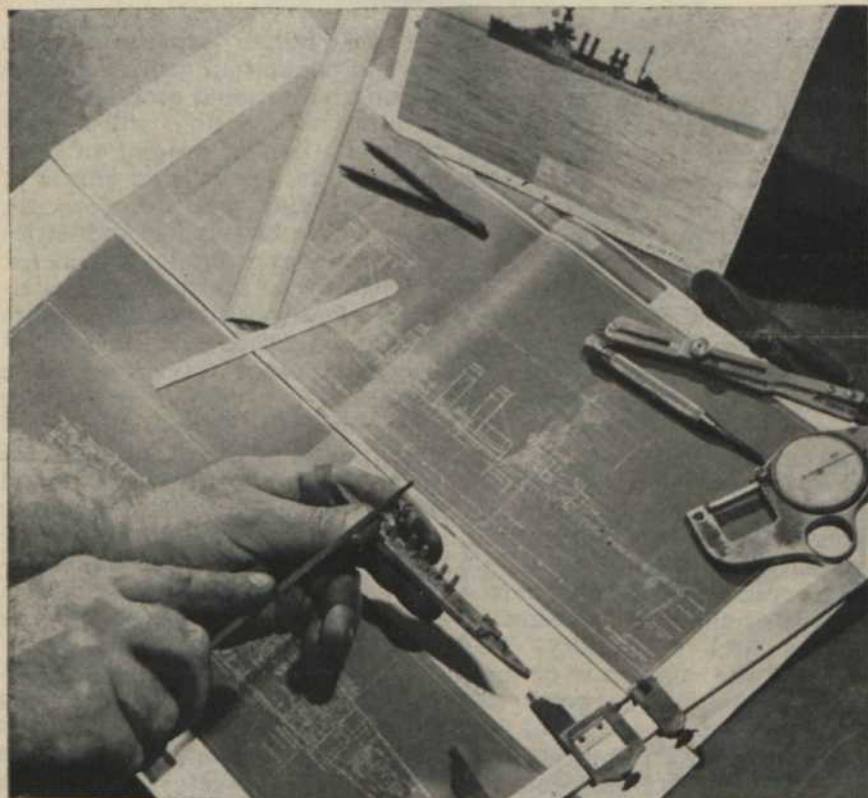
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Name Your Weapon, They'll Turn it Out



CAMERA CLIX PHOTOS

Models are accurate to a fraction of an inch

Joe and Sam Slonim with a finished product



MANY manufacturing companies are pouring out military equipment to meet the needs of the nation's expanding defense program, but few can match the output of a plant in Richmond Hill, N. Y.

The Comet Metal Products Company, owned by Joe and Sam Slonim, thinks nothing of tackling an order for 432 assorted tanks, 288 trucks, 144 battleships and a couple of hundred destroyers—with a delivery date that would be impossible for the average company to meet. Comet can meet it because it turns out miniatures—scale models accurate to a fraction of an inch.

The models are made from pictures and from the actual blueprints that served in the making of the original weapons, ships, tanks and other pieces of equipment. Each miniature first is molded, then measured for accuracy, after which it is painted the exact color of the real product. Then it is mass produced to meet a given order.

The models are used to help teach soldiers, sailors and airmen how to recognize different types of ships, planes, and other equipment, and also to allow detailed study of the various parts of these items.

Here's a war plant, no matter the size of its material.

—RUDOLPH J. BIRNBACK

When you buy one piece non-metallic Elliott Address Cards and discard metal address plates,

your Savings in Material and Labor

will pay you 33 $\frac{1}{4}$ % per annum on the investment.

Because they are twice as compact and are made to fit your metal address plate cabinets, they will double your filing capacity.

And because they eliminate all the metal, they eliminate 5/6 of the weight.



Any typist with any standard typewriter will stencil addresses into Elliott Address Cards at a speed of 1000 complete address cards per eight hour day.

The center of an Elliott Address Card is so tough that it must be softened by dampening to enable a typewriter to stencil an address in it, but when an Elliott Address Card dries it becomes so tough that it is guaranteed to print 10,000 addresses (and in tests Elliott Address Cards have printed 200,000 addresses).

May we send you literature describing the many other advantages of Elliott Addressing Equipment?

Elliott ADDRESSING MACHINE CO.

155-B Albany Street, Cambridge 39, Mass.

The City's Leaving Town



BY 1960 Mr. Average American won't yet be able to rely on a bullet-shaped, push-button vehicle to speed him from his basement to his job through a network of underground pneumatic tubes. That's in the books for a more distant tomorrow. However, he will be able to wheel his auto onto more wide freeways spoking out from the hub of the city to cut his driving time to the downtown area. And he will find more parking space than is available today. This forecast is only one insight into the city of 1960 as envisioned by 2,095 realtors in the 48 states who reported their predictions to the National Association of Real Estate Boards in a recent survey.

This crystal-ball gazing, moreover, is surrounded by an aura of reliability and probability. The forecast is the consensus of men whose business it is to weigh the future of individual parcels of real estate that make up their cities.

Despite the relief foreseen for downtown districts, the prophesying realtors were realistic enough to predict that the most profound physical change to be expected ten years from now is an appreciable shift of retail business volume and spread of industrial areas out from present city centers.

"It is automotive transportation, electrical power transmission, and other technological developments seeping into every pore of daily life that will cause this slow but sure change," said Alexander Summer of Newark, N. J., 1951 president of the N.A.R.E.B. "Already for more than a decade decentralization has been recognized as the outstanding internal force changing the physical pattern of cities and affecting real estate values. Fear of the atomic bomb may also have some influence in augmenting this trend, but it is purely secondary to the deep causes long at work."

Only one third of the real estate men expect business volume for the downtown areas of their cities to be greater in 1960 than it is today. The outlying areas are expected to

get the major expansion from normal population growth and an expanding national economy.

Industrial locations will be farther out than at present to some measurable degree, two thirds of the reporting realtors forecast. They will be largely new industries and branches or lighter industries.

Puttering in the garden or gathering a few eggs will become a more familiar sight, as part-time farming is expected to become more popular. The higher prices for farms near the largest cities measure the strong call of the times for farm homes for city workers and the rapid urbanization of areas along radial highways.

Combined with these trends toward changing the face of America there will be a spread in the lacework of new residential building that recently has been scalloping the principal cities. This will result from an invisible, yet nevertheless the biggest, change that will be in the city of 1960—a healthy increase in the percentage of home ownership. More than 90 per cent of the predicting realtors look for a continuation of the move toward home ownership which lifted the total of dwelling units occupied by owners to 55 per cent in 1950 from 44 per cent in 1940. This was the biggest gain in any decade in history.

Gazing down on the city of 1960 from an airplane, the average American will be viewing the decentralized, sprawling city with more and longer ribbons of urban development running out into the country along the main highways.

In both the largest and smallest cities, more than three fourths of these real estate experts expect increase in this "ribbon development." In the middle-sized cities, the anticipation is stronger yet.

"This is our normal way to seek pleasanter, safer living while holding onto the advantage of accessible urban facilities and services," Summer explained. "It is decentralization by normal slow stages."

—EDWIN L. STOLL

What This Town Needs

(Continued from page 26)

formal protests to his head office. Headquarters heeded, shuffled its transfer orders. Lucky for it that it did, for the bill had passed.

The hero of the little story got himself elected to the legislature at the next session. His personal concern was repeal of the damaging legislation, but—true to his colors—he was chin deep in everything else besides. The bill was repealed. It was no thanks to the corporation. It was in personal tribute to a man who “belonged”—first to his community—then to the state—and behaved as if he wanted to belong.

I found the counterpart of that young fellow all over America on my recent tour. But I found his opposite all too often. I found Chambers of Commerce with middling-sized budgets that were accomplishing near-wonders for their communities; and I found those with opulent incomes that were going through the motions. The first were not so rich in funds, but rich in manpower and in talent; the second were rich in funds and poverty stricken in manpower and in talent.

I am convinced that these factors must be brought into balance or the community spirit of this country will be dissipated—and in its place the drift toward centralization will accelerate.

I cannot remember a time when our Chambers—as entities—were so well managed, so alert, so active—and, by and large, so well financed. But something is on the short side. It is active participation by members. Plain work, in other words.

A talent used to mean a unit of money. Some people must still think so. They may be on the generous side with their checks—but woefully stingy with the talents in themselves. As educational institutions, our business organizations have lived up to their name. But what we need right now are libraries of men.

We need men who personify business as a good neighbor in a good and “growing better” town. We need men who personify the American economic system as a warmly human institution based on individualism and community cooperation.

America did not become the Samson among the world powers

When what you've got has got to go!

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Your Santa Fe man knows how to get your freight going. Let him put the vast Santa Fe freight operations to work for you. It's easy—just call the Santa Fe office nearest you!

F. H. Rockwell, Gen. Freight Traffic Manager
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Have Real "Mellow-dy"

go light—
choose right—

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CANADIAN

*Canada's Finest
Whisky*

Ask for it by
name at your
favorite club,
tavern, hotel or
package store.



BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY

90.4 PROOF H. HARVEY CO., LTD., BALTO., MD.

by a feudal arrangement from the top on down. We are a creation of the bottom-up principle, and the roots of that principle may be dry, but they aren't dead. After all, we are scarcely two generations removed from the "barn raisin'" era; we are a nation of amazing technology—and volunteer fire departments. We are scarcely four generations—if that—removed from the town meeting.

The industrial age has enriched us beyond our wildest dreams of 100 years ago, but that is no reason to trade in the value of community ties or sacrifice one whit of the neighborly principle.

American capitalism has many borrowers abroad, and few friends. It behooves the business community that personifies capitalism to entrench friendships at home. But if capitalism wants friends, it must be a friend in its home town—and that takes more than money.

Through the corporate structure of America today is slowly spreading this phrase: "The corporation is a citizen." I am glad of that, but I hope that citizenship by the corporation will not be considered a matter of mere "shelling out." We are more in need at the moment of the rolled-up sleeves. The faithful, hard-slogging "Georges" in the organization movement can't do it all. They run out of ideas without never-ending opportunity to rub their wits against new ones.

There is no community in America where something could

not be accomplished to make that special spot a better place to live. The backdrop for it is all here. Chambers of Commerce have launched hospitals; they have founded colleges; they have reconstructed school systems; they have converted swamps into playgrounds; they have actually created cities.

Initiative and daring are their hallmarks. The great successes among them have been those whose members were unsparing with their talents. The whole idea is to do those things that people aren't ready for—to anticipate a community need, as a business anticipates a market.

The National Chamber can and does provide effective direction in the broad fields of activity, but the key to the vitality of the whole Chamber movement is literally the key in the hands of the cities. By all means, let us see businessmen's organizations sponsor rodeos and market festivals; prevail on new industries to move in; run beauty contests and have their annual farm-and-town affairs.

But I would like to see the movement stand for more than all those pleasant and profitable things. I want to see the American Chamber of Commerce in every community stand out as a symbol for all those values that Americans cherish; as something to tie to—as a meeting place of the best of good neighbors in the best of all cities in the best of all countries.

Good Luck is Good Business

IT WAS a bright day in Brooklyn, several years ago. The boys at a fire station were sunning out front when a little girl, about 12 years old, approached. "Buy a wishbone, mister? Only a quarter."

They good-naturedly teased the girl for a time, but no quarters were up-coming.

"All right," said the girl, dewy-eyed with disappointment. "You won't buy my wishbones. I won't come to any more of your fires!" And with that she turned away.

But the firemen called her back. They bought all the wishbones she had, six. Then and there, the girl decided she was in business for good.

It all started when she glorified a wishbone with ribbons and

bows and bright paper—with a "get well" message—for a hospitalized friend. The wishbone greeting went over big.

About three years after the fire station "sell out" a representative of a perfume manufacturer called on her. He wanted to know if she could fill an order for 5,000 wishbone greetings which could be specially perfumed. The girl engaged a booth at a New York poultry show and from there asked farmers to supply her with raw material.

Last year nearly 30,000 were sold, with prices ranging from \$1 for ordinary greeting charms to \$30 for one perfumed, elaborately flowered and beribboned to serve as a wedding corsage.

—PETE SIMER



NOTEBOOK



Still the steel age

ANYONE needing a few minutes of diverting mental exercise might ponder the question, "What is the most significant engineering development in the past century?" A few minutes thought on the subject will at least lead to a better appreciation of the advances the century produced—the whole electrical industry, internal combustion engines, the cracking process for petroleum among them.

However, the answer that Dr. John R. Dunning, dean of engineering at Columbia University, got when he put the question to the editors of 32 trade and business publications was "developments in the production and use of steel."

Giving reasons for the choice, the editors said: "Invention of the Bessemer converter about 1855 and the regenerative principle of steel-making in 1868 are the foundations on which today's civilization has been built." "The most significant single development in the use of steel is its use in the frame of buildings." "The gas turbine waited upon development of heat-resisting alloys and the jet engine development for aircraft progresses only as fast as materials can be developed to stand the heat, strain and abrasion, and still be machined."

Electric power production and application were close behind steel in the voting, with the atomic bomb, assembly-line production, reinforced and prestressed concrete, the telephone, heavier-than-air craft, the vacuum tube, mechanized construction equipment and antibiotics getting their share of ballots.

Addresses out of date

ADD THE pocket address book to the list of familiar equipment which shows an increasing rate of obsolescence.

This is one of the minor conclusions to be drawn from reading

"Our World of Work," a booklet prepared by Seymour Wolfbein and Harold Goldstein of the Department of Labor.

One hundred million Americans, these writers say, have exercised their freedom to go where they want, by changing their addresses since 1940. Of the nomads, 30,000,000 moved to different counties, 15,000,000 to different states.

Since job opportunities and better wages inspire most of the pilgrimages, the authors conclude that the reshuffling results in a better standard of living and increased production.

College grads do better

A DISPIRITED college boy once wrote a verse which included these lines:

There'll come graduation,
I'll find occupation,
Existence that's meager and lean;

While he who digs ditches
Has cash in his breeches
And rides in a big limousine.

This was probably better satire than truth when written. It would not even be good satire today. Although more than half of all young people finish high school today, compared to six per cent 50 years ago, and ten per cent finish college—the old figure was two per cent—the business and industrial demand for educated workers apparently is growing even faster.

Many fields where a high school diploma used to be good enough now require a college education. In others where a standard four-year course once served a worker does better with five or six years of college.

This trend is reflected, among other places, at the New York University Graduate School of Business Administration where the number of candidates studying for the Doctor of Philosophy degree skyrocketed some 35 per cent in one academic year.

According to Dean G. Rowland

Save Time! Cut Costs!

Speed-Up
Addressing
with **DUPLISTICKERS**

Use these gummed, perforated letter-size sheets of 33 labels to expedite addressing and increase office efficiency.



MODERN METHOD OF ADDRESSING MULTIPLE MAILINGS, PREMIUMS, BULKY ENVELOPES, ETC.

Typists address 4 or more copies in one operation. 25 sheets (825 labels) 60c pkg., at stationery stores. White and 5 colors. Also special type for fluid duplicators.

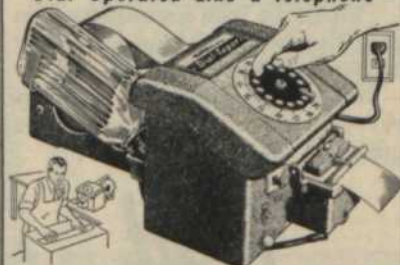
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Dial Operated Like a Telephone



Electric taping saves 20%

because the dial automatically measures exact length of gummed tape at 36" per second, cuts it off, and moistens with warm water from built-in heater. Dial any length in any sequence without pre-setting. Tape seals instantly. Far safer packaging. Time and tape savings pay for machine in a few months. 110v., 60c. A.C. power.

FOR MORE INFORMATION, ATTACH THIS AD TO YOUR LETTERHEAD WITH YOUR NAME AND MAIL TO MARSH

MARSH Electric
Dial-Taper

MARSH STENCIL MACHINE COMPANY
72 Marsh Bldg., Belleville, Ill. 612

It's HERE... It's NEW... It's better than ever... ...the 1952 Todd Form-Master

It's here—in time for third quarter installation July 1st. It's easier than ever to operate. It's the new 1952 Todd Form-Master, improved and re-designed to save you time, money and headaches in payroll preparation.

Any clerk can operate the Form-Master. It's simple to understand—easy to handle. No cramped writing position. No waste motion. The posting position is fixed for all entries. And the data required by your company, the Government and individual employees is recorded in *one* operation instead of three.

In addition, new payroll sheets with the Form-Master have special "accumulation" columns for earnings subject to (1) Federal Social Security and (2) State Unemployment Compensation taxes. This means those quarterly Government reports can be prepared in a fraction of the usual time.

Install the Todd payroll system in your business, without any large investment, starting the 3rd quarter—July 1. And from then on enjoy payroll efficiency plus fast, simple quarterly reporting.



ROCHESTER SALES OFFICES IN NEW YORK PRINCIPAL CITIES
DISTRIBUTORS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

THE TODD COMPANY, Inc.
Dept. NB, Rochester 3, N. Y.
Please send me complete information about the new Todd 1952 Form-Master.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____
By _____

NB-3-52

Collins, "Only a few of our students have collegiate teaching in mind as a professional objective and even many of those who come to us with collegiate teaching as their aim find the levels of business employment to which they climb while studying for the Ph. D. so remunerative that they give up the idea of teaching."

Dean Collins expects this trend to increase, at least in his school.

Publicizing a beef

VICE PRESIDENT A. A. Kruse of the First State Bank, Audubon, Iowa, decided that his town had a beef.

Specifically he decided that his town had "some of the world's best beef," but nobody knew about it.

In the Kruse opinion this was a bum steer. To correct it, he arranged with the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad for 30 cars to make up a "Beef Special" to take Audubon cattle to Chicago. Then the idea started to snowball.

Before departure time, the train had 50 cars loaded with 1,050 Audubon steers brought in by 32 Audubon cattlemen.

Kruse's bank provided food for the 60 man party which rode the train to Chicago. A bank employee served as chef. In Chicago the bank was host at a special banquet. Newspaper and radio coverage told the story of Audubon beef and one load of 21 "Beef Special" Angus steers from the train brought the top price of 38¼ cents paid at the stockyards the day they were sold.

Kruse is already planning next year's "Beef Special."

He hopes to see the day when Audubon will be the world's symbol for beef.

Shangri-La dollars

ONE DOLLAR out of every six the American people received last year represents direct payment to individuals by federal, state and local governments, according to James S. Kemper, chairman of the Lumbermen's Mutual Casualty Company and nine other insurance companies and a former president of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States.

"It would be a healthful thing," in his opinion, "to distinguish between the dollars earned by work and those doled out by a paternalistic and socialistic government."

To simplify this distinction, he suggests that the country print two kinds of dollars, "earned dollars" and "Shangri-La dollars."

"Shangri-La dollars," he ex-

a new way to put your product
in **THE PUBLIC EYE**



Dramatic miniatures of your products or trade mark can be reproduced in fine detail by our skilled jewelry craftsmen and incorporated into many useful gifts including tie bars, key chains, money clips, lighters. Excellent for salesmen, jobbers, retail salesmen, convention souvenirs, sales awards. Write on your business letterhead for a FREE SAMPLE of one of these specialties.

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847 BASTIAN ST., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

MASTER ADDRESSER

No Stencils—No Plates
No Ribbons
No Ink

Prints from carbon impressions typed on a long strip of paper tape—easily prepared in your own office. Address envelopes, cards, circulars, etc., at rate of 20 or more a minute. Write for information and name of nearest dealer.



Two Models
\$24.50, \$44.50

Master Addresser Co.
Originators of the spirit process addresser.
6500-C West Lake St., Minneapolis 16, Minn.

YOUR OWN BUSINESS

with minimum investment

A national organization offers you this opportunity in the fast growing soft ice cream business with possible profits from \$8000 to \$15000 per season. For full particulars write to:

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LETTER RACK

Saves time. Clears your desk for action. A place for every paper. Needed on every desk. All Steel.

(.....) Letter size, \$7.50 (Postpaid
(.....) Legal size, 9.50 (in U.S.A.
Green . . . Gray . . . Brown . . .

Check size and color desired.
Send your order today.

CURRIER MANUFACTURING CO.
ST. PAUL 8, MINN.

WANTED—FOOD PRODUCTS

Large Midwest food company with national sales force is interested in acquiring, either by outright purchase or stock exchange basis, one or two good grocery product companies with national or semi-national distribution. Give complete details. Box 104, Nation's Business, Washington 6, D. C.

★ FOR GOOD CITIZENSHIP. ★

★ GOOD GOVERNMENT. ★

★ GOOD BUSINESS ★

MAKE IT A MUST!

The National Chamber's
40th Annual Meeting
in Washington, D. C.
April 28, 29 and 30

★ FOR GOOD CITIZENSHIP. ★

★ GOOD GOVERNMENT. ★

★ GOOD BUSINESS ★

plains, "would be dollars the Government gives to the people under one guise or another—easy dollars as compared to earned dollars.

"The easy dollars have been so heavily mixed into the flow of money that it is hard now to tell one from the other."

Kemper believes his plan would lead to greater appreciation of the earned dollar.

"Millions of Americans would become ashamed to offer the Shangri-La dollar for goods and services produced by honest work."

Fertilizer gets into print

ALTHOUGH some 156,789 retail dealers do a \$1,100,000,000 business in its products every year, the fertilizer industry has never had an accepted trade paper—an omission that the Spencer Chemical Company is trying to correct.

The result is *Today's Fertilizer Dealer*, just launched with the determination to print articles which will "help fertilizer dealers do a better job, earn more money or enjoy a laugh." Editor is M. H. Straight, veteran of more than 20 years in the writing field and now Spencer's advertising manager.

The first number was distributed to 7,500 dealers in the Midwest, with the intention of expanding circulation to cover the Southeast with the second number.

Free subscriptions are offered to every store proprietor in these sections who handles fertilizer and will send his store name and address to Spencer.

The publication, which will carry no advertising, makes a serious attempt to cover its stories in pictures and drawings.

Plush

OF NEVER-ENDING amazement to our businessmen is the fact that Uncle Sam, on occasion, does cream off a profit.

The sample is the Treasury's gold-buying system. As no less than one per cent of the people know, the Treasury buys and sells gold at \$35 an ounce.

What isn't widely known is that on each transaction, the Treasury deducts one quarter of one per cent as a service charge and incidental mint and handling charges.

And, as one or two people have noted, recently our international pals have hit the bank for some \$2,000,000,000 in gold.

A rough calculation shows a profit in commissions to the Treasury of \$10,000,000. That's a tidy bit of plush.

ARE YOU PAYING FOR FULL TIME ... and receiving PART-TIME Service?

Here is a new experience in SIT-ABILITY . . . a proven type of posture seating that conserves energy, lessens fatigue, improves morale. Proper support in the working position is the secret—support which is firm yet flexible to permit normal movement of the body while working. Only Sikes patented and exclusive "Fixed Floating" seat with REVERSE spring action provides these advantages.



**SIKES
"ENERGIZED
SEATING"*
is a
Money-Saver**

See for yourself . . . in your own office . . . with your own employees. Your Sikes dealer (write for name) will install chairs for your test . . . at no obligation. Write for folder.

The SIKES COMPANY, Inc.

34 Churchill Street

Buffalo 7, N. Y.

* Made for Executives, too!



HOW SOON

DO YOU NEED MORE SPACE?

WHY WAIT extra weeks for space you need tomorrow. Build the Rilco way . . . get better buildings in *half the usual time!* Rilco laminated trusses, arches, beams are precision cut, drilled for hardware, delivered ready for quick assembly. Types for all building needs. Get full details now!

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FIRM: Continental Machines, Inc.
SITE: Savage, Minnesota.
PERTINENT DATA: Erected without special equipment. Fire resistant. Engineered for unusual loading conditions.



HOW TO CUT PENCIL COSTS IN HALF

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Autopoint
TRADE MARK
BETTER PENCILS

Why don't you save the kind of money hundreds of leading firms the country over are saving, using "Autopoint" Pencils for organization use? Many cut pencil costs IN HALF . . . and get a bonus of pencil sharpening time saved, greater efficiency, and the trouble-free writing delivered by these famous pencils with "Grip-Tite" Tips that won't let leads wobble, turn or fall out.

FREE BOOKLET

Send for free booklet showing full line of "Autopoint" Pencils with low quantity prices. Pencils illustrated, are but two of the many popular, money-saving "Autopoint" numbers offered for organization use. Send coupon.

No. 8
No. 6

"Autopoint" is a trademark of Autopoint Co., Chicago.

AUTOPOINT COMPANY, Dept. NB-3
1801 W. Foster Ave., Chicago 40, Illinois
Send me Free Booklet giving quantity prices on "Autopoint" Better Pencils for Organization use.

☐ Check here to have representative call.

Name _____
Company _____
Position _____
Street Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Indifference Rigs Elections

PROF. H. GOSNELL of the University of Chicago once asked 5,310 persons why they did not vote in a certain election. The results of this piece of research were a little frightening.

Although 20 per cent or so failed to show for legitimate reasons such as illness, absence from their home district, insufficient legal residence, 80 per cent had negligible excuses.

Some 1,300, for instance, did not vote because of what the professor listed as "general indifference"; 129 were specifically indifferent to that particular election; 230 stayed away to register their disgust with politics in general; 105 took this means of showing their disgust for their own party; 79 felt that their vote would count for nothing; 40 felt that the election was corrupt; 378 were too timid or ignorant to cast a vote.

Nearly 380 had intended to vote but just didn't get around to it and 44 who got to the polling place left without voting because of congestion around the booths.

Although 14 who gave "fear of disclosing their age" as an excuse for not voting must obviously have been women, the record does not identify the others as to sex, occupation, education or otherwise. Undoubtedly some of them were business people or at least people of business—289 who said that they feared voting would cause them loss of business or wages certainly were.

IT apparently did not occur to this careful 289 that people and measures emerging from that election might mean more lost business and wages than could possibly result from whatever neighborhood retaliation their voting might bring on them.

Whether or not this actually happened, the fact remains that in a fairly small area 5,310 citizens on this occasion passed up the opportunity of suffrage. In so doing they either neglected to exercise a right which men once regarded as worth dying to win, or failed in a civic duty, a failure which Belgium decided in 1893—and other countries, off and on—was sufficiently reprehensible to punish by a fine.

Unfortunately for the good of

the nation the non-voter is frequently the citizen best qualified to express himself wisely on public issues. He is also the man on whom the burdens of unwise government fall most heavily—a taxpayer, a property owner, a man to whom the political mesmerism of "something for nothing" has the least appeal.

Such a man will tell you he is busy with his own affairs; he has no aptitude for politics; and the professional politicians run his dis-



trict, or his city, his county or his country, the way they want to run it anyhow.

This attitude has not much to recommend it. Granted, he is busy—but not too busy to study carefully the qualifications of a new secretary. An equal amount of time spent studying the qualifications of a new congressman, or governor, or mayor would certainly not be wasted.

As for political aptitude, running a country is not much different from running a business and the man who says he knows nothing about the candidates simply wasn't listening. With modern communications and press agency bolstering the politicians' natural yearning for the spotlight, unfamiliarity with a candidate's qualifications has to be a matter of deliberate avoidance.

Whether or not a businessman likes present holders of public office should make no difference as to whether or not he votes. Worthy officeholders need his support. And he can't succeed against unworthy officeholders merely by grumbling about what will happen to the

country if somebody doesn't throw the rascals out. He must actively do something about it and the simplest and quickest step in that direction is to find out whom or what he wants to vote for and then go vote.

People with less to lose than he has have used that simple technique to their own advantage for years. They have no intention of relaxing their efforts. In the field of public welfare, as an example, plans are already drawn up for programs which would mean:

Political control of medical care for all.

Political control of social insurance and public assistance.

Political control of education.

Political control of housing.

Political control of electric power generation and distribution.

Political control of all employment agencies.

Political control of agriculture.

With these added to the 300 welfare programs already operating, socialism, which could not be sold as such to the American people, will approach reality largely by default.

Only votes will stop it, and this year offers the earliest opportunity to get out those votes.

As a patriotic service chambers of commerce everywhere always have done everything feasible to make sure that the members of their communities—especially business and professional people—register and vote.

To help them in this effort the National Chamber's Legislative Department has published a pocket-size booklet, "12 Steps to More Votes," which includes many ideas and devices which have been used successfully to get people to the polls.

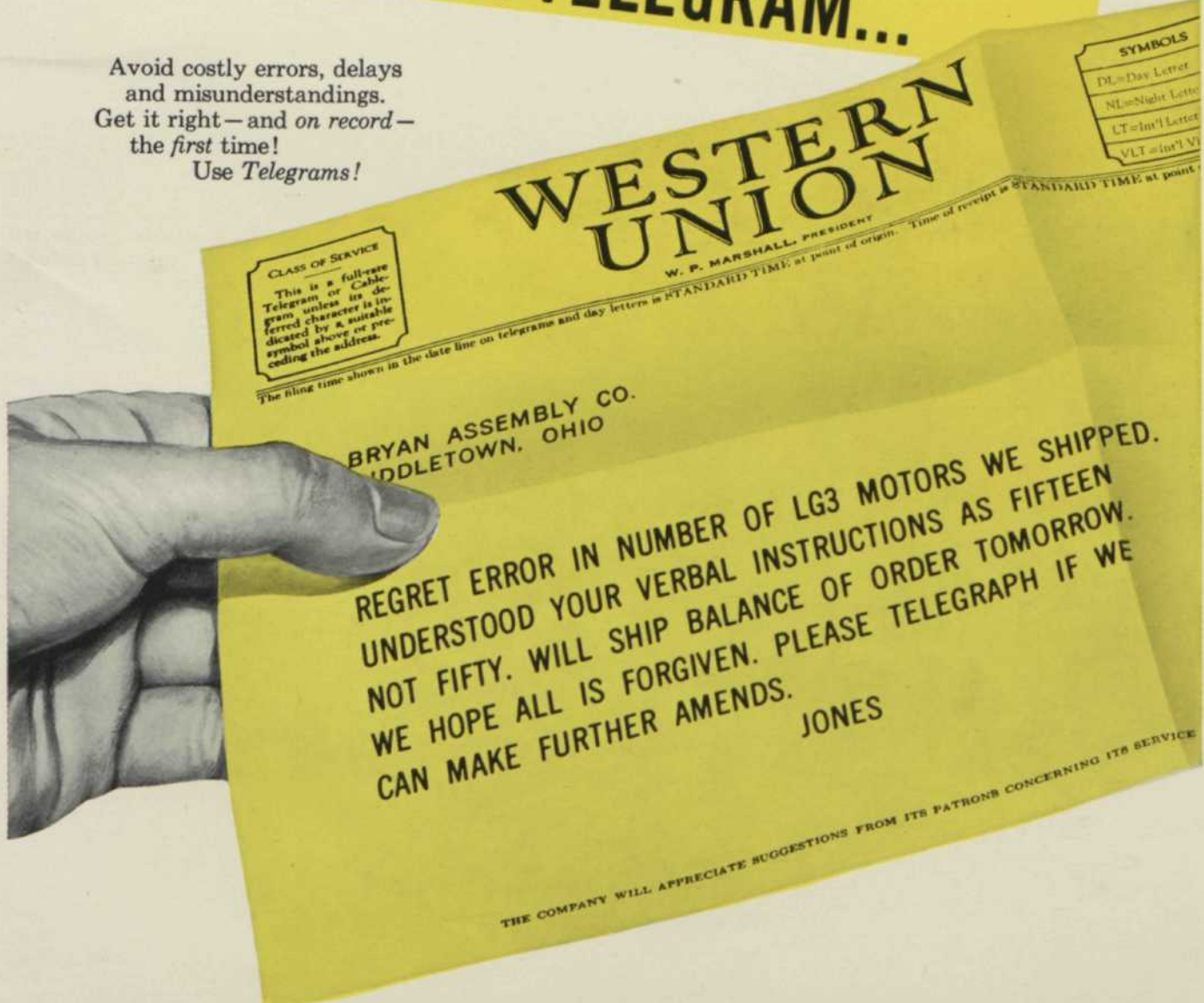
Copies of the booklet are already on the way to local chamber presidents, and national affairs committee chairmen.

A study after the 1950 elections showed that, in some cities, up to 50 per cent of chamber members did not vote. The "register and vote" campaign described in the booklet can change that by rallying men and women to the defense of the type of government under which they prefer to live, rear their families and do business.

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